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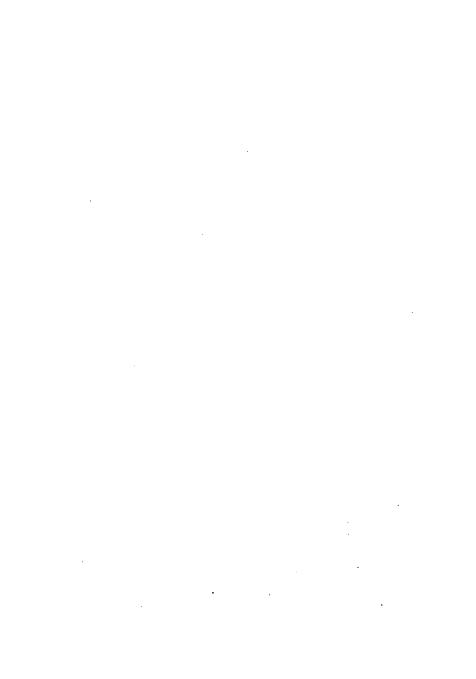
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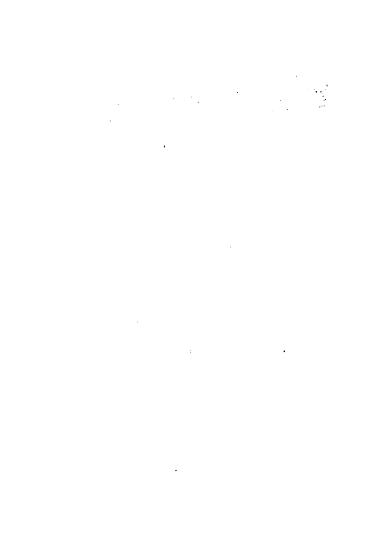
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NELSON AND THE BEAR.
"Let me but get a blow at him with the butt-end of my musket."—Page 120.



THE

BOY MAKES THE MAN:

A BOOK OF

Inecdotes and Examples for the Use of Pouth.

By

W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

Author of "Sunshine of Domestic Life," "Records of Noble Lives," "Scenes from European History," &-c., &-c.

....." Childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day."

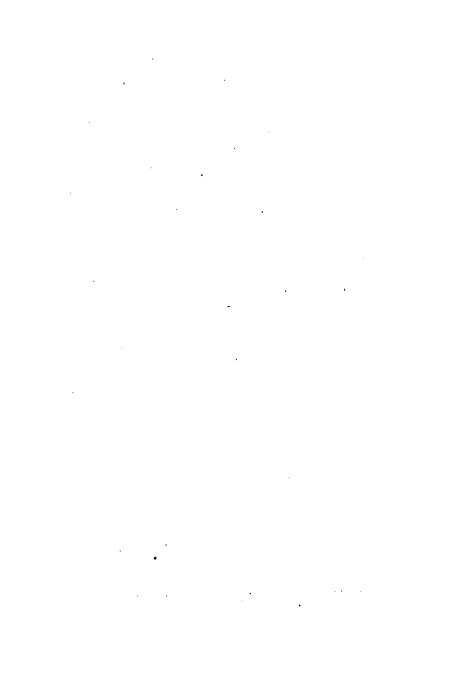
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LONDON:

T. NELSON AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW; EDINBURGH; AND NEW YORK.

1867.

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HE Child is father of the Man." So says the poet; and it is the object of these unpretending pages to prove the truth of the

thesis, and by examples borrowed from modern biography to show the importance of cultivating the mind and disciplining the heart in youth, with a view to a noble, generous, and truthful manhood. The Boy makes the Man! If this be true—and the exceptions to the rule are neither numerous nor important—how incumbent it is upon our masters and instructors to watch every movement of the young with gentle but vigilant eyes, and carefully-without over-strictness, but with all needful firmness—to train them up to habits of thought, devotion, and manly rectitude. In accomplishing such an object, it is hoped this little volume may prove of some assistance, from the wise maxims it collects, and the inspiring examples it brings together. The dignity of work. the value of perseverance, the excellence of truthfulness. the pleasures of knowledge, the benefits of prayer and scriptural study, these are the topics enforced and illustrated, chiefly by anecdote and quotation, in the following pages.

A recent essayist, speaking of what are called "Boys' Books," justly condemns the prevalent tendency to overrate and exalt mere worldly success. I trust that no such error will be found to pervade my teaching. I have sought to place before my young readers a purer ideal, and to raise for their guidance a higher standard. My maxim has been, throughout, that all true virtue lies—

"In the struggle, not the prize;"

and that the refinement of mind, the elevation of thought, the inexhaustible store of pleasant fancies, the tenacity of purpose, the strength of will, which result from a life of energetic and well-directed labour, are in themselves the best and most satisfactory rewards of that labour. I have also endeavoured to enforce the truth of the old monkish adage, Laborare est orare—Work is Prayer; and to show that he most truly and devoutly does the will of God, who honestly, and with all his capacity, fulfils the duties of his particular vocation. In this, I believe, there is a true morality and a wise religion.

Thus do I cast my bread upon the waters, in the hope it will be found by some young and inquiring spirit after many days.

W. H. D. A.





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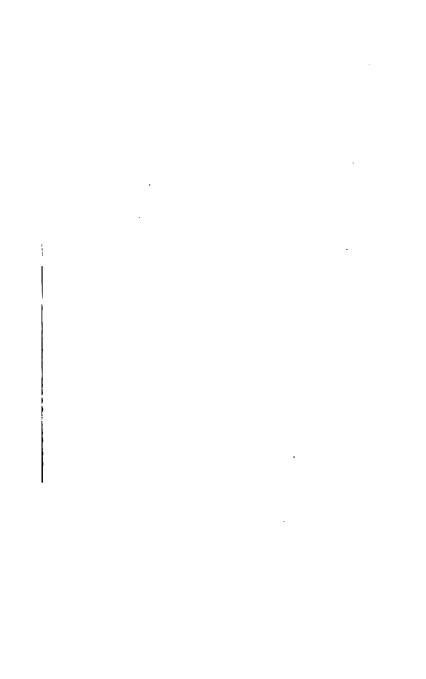
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THE

BOY MAKES THE MAN.

I.

Examples of Perseberance in Youth, and its Results.

"A divine benediction is always invisibly breathed on painful and lawful diligence."—THOMAS FULLER.

T is related of Richard Burke that, when found in a deep meditation after listening to one of his brother's splendid harangues in parliament, he excused himself by saying, "I have been wondering how Ned has contrived to monopolize all the talents of the family; but now I remember, when we were at play, he was always at work." The natural talents of Richard Burke were scarcely inferior to those of the great statesman; but while the one sleeps in Westminster Abbey, and is held.

in grateful remembrance by his country, the other never attained to eminence, and is wholly forgotten. And why? Because he lacked perseverance; that power of application which develops the mental faculties, and trains them to the successful performance of their allotted When the natural genius is of an inferior order, perseverance will frequently supply the deficiency; and the boy, ridiculed for his slowness, if constant in application and earnest in his work, will outstrip more brilliant but less industrious competitors. It is pleasant to see this want of ready talent compensated by vigorous and well-directed labour. It was surely a greater achievement for the Egyptian labourers to raise the Pyramids, than for our English artisans, with all the appliances of modern machinery, to throw a tubular bridge across the Straits of Menai. "If there be one thing on earth," says Dr. Arnold, "which is truly admirable, it is to see God's wisdom blessing an inferiority of natural powers, where they have been honestly. zealously, and truly cultivated." We rejoice when the weak win in their struggle with the strong, and in the race between the tortoise and the hare, our sympathies are with the tortoise.

Ben Jonson says, in one of his plays, "When

I take the humour of a thing once, I am like your tailor's needle,—I go through." should be the maxim of every brave English youth: like that of Strafford, the great minister -Thorough. Until a thing is done, keep doing. Let no obstacles daunt you, and let repeated failure spur you to repeated effort. An admirable story is told of himself by Audubon, the distinguished American ornithologist: -- "An accident," he says, "which happened to two hundred of my original drawings, really put a stop to my researches in ornithology. I shall relate it," he continues, "merely to show how far enthusiasm-for by no other name can I call my perseverance—may enable the preserver of nature to surmount the most disheartening difficulties. I left the village of Henderson, in Kentucky, where I resided for several years, to proceed to Philadelphia on business. I looked to my drawings before my departure, placed them carefully in a wooden box, and gave them in charge of a relation, with injunctions to see that no injury should happen to them.

"My absence was of several months; and when I returned, after having enjoyed the pleasures of home for a few days, I inquired after my box, and what I was pleased to call

The box was produced and my treasure. opened; but, reader, feel for me-a pair of Norway rats had taken possession of the whole, and reared a young family among the gnawed bits of paper, which, but a month previous, represented nearly a thousand inhabitants of The burning heat which instantly rushed through my brain was too great to be endured without affecting my whole nervous system. slept for several nights, and the days passed like days of oblivion—until the animal powers being recalled into action, through the strength of my constitution, I took up my gun, my notebook, and my pencils, and went forth to the woods as gaily as if nothing had happened. felt pleased that I might now make better drawings than before; and, ere a period not exceeding three years had elapsed, my portfolio was again filled."

It is in such a spirit as this that the workman should address himself to his work; should refuse to flinch before any, the greatest disaster; should learn, by persistent labour, to grow into strength and completeness:—

[&]quot;See first that the design is wise and just; That ascertained, pursue it resolutely. Do not for one repulse forego the purpose That you resolved to effect."

Ferguson, the boy-astronomer, learning the positions of the stars by the help of a string of beads; Murray, afterwards the great Oriental scholar, teaching himself to write with a charred brand on a whitened wall;—these are examples which the young should keep ever before their eyes. The entire secret of success in life, at school, in the study, or in the busy world, is comprised in the burden of the old song, "Try, try, try again."

A distinguished Italian author has started the theory that all men may become poets and orators, as if the only difference between genius and mediocrity lies in the power of application. To such a theory we are not disposed to subscribe. No amount of labour, however persistent, or however well-directed, can convert a Stephen Duck into a Milton or a Shakspeare. But the fallacy lies in this, that the world does not require of all of us that we should be Miltons and Shakspeares; only that we should do our best in whatsoever position the will of Providence shall have placed us, and, by so doing, contribute to swell the sum of human happiness and human good. To take a familiar illustration from the playground. At cricket it is not needful that every player should be a brilliant

batsman or a first-rate bowler; we want good long-stops, cautious wicket-keepers, and dexterous cover-points. For each man, on this beautiful earth of ours, God has assuredly provided a vocation, if he will but earnestly seek to discover it, and afterwards to labour in it with diligence and devoutness, as in the sight of Heaven:—

"They also serve who only stand and wait;"

and God's blessing rests on the rank and file, as surely as on the leaders of the host, if rank and file do but fulfil their duty.

When Giardini was asked how long it would take to learn the violin, he replied, "Twelve hours a day for twenty years together." Alas, too many of us think to play our fiddles by a species of inspiration! I knew a brilliant pianiste, who assured me that for years she had practised seven hours daily. These Blondins and Leotards, whose gymnastic achievements attract admiring crowds—what labour they must have undergone—what perseverance they must have displayed—an energy and a purpose that, directed into better channels, might have made them benefactors of mankind. Inquire of Grisi, or Mario; of Charles Kean, or Mac-

ready; of John Gibson, or Sir Edwin Landseer; how they have risen into fame, and they will tell you, by hard work—by unflagging perseverance.

Dr. Young used to say that "any man can do what any other man has done;" a maxim not true in itself, though capable of extended He endeavours to prove its truth. application. however, by his own example. The following story is told of him: "The first time he mounted a horse, he was accompanied by the grandson of Mr. Barclay, of Ury, a distinguished equestrian. His companion having leapt a high fence, Young proceeded to follow his example, but, in the attempt, was thrown off his horse. He immediately remounted; made a second effort, and was again unsuccessful. Most men would have been deterred from another venture; but not so Dr. Young, and at the third trial he had the satisfaction of clearing the fence."

The early career of the great Spanish painter, Sebastian Gomez, affords an extraordinary example of successful application. He was a mulatto, and a slave of Murillo's, employed to wait upon the pupils of that illustrious master. Heaven had gifted him with a passionate love of art; but none of the young Spaniards who

amused their idle hours by laughing at his dark complexion and uncouth features, suspected how daring a soul that ungainly form enshrined. He received no lessons; from none did he ever gain a hint or suggestion; but he watched, oh, how vigorously! every movement of the students, and scrutinized the daily progress of their labours. At length he attempted to imitate what he saw, devoting to his secret toil the hours of the silent night, until, growing bolder and more confident, he ventured to correct the errors of outline and colouring which his keen eye observed in the drawings of Murillo's pupils. So when the young Spaniards came in the morning, they saw with surprise, that an arm had been added here, a leg there; that inharmonious proportions had been adjusted; that woolly and fleecy skies had been toned and softened into summer-lighted heavens; and patches of ultramarine converted into sweet woodland lakes. With the superstitious feeling of the age, they accredited these improvements to some mysterious nocturnal visitor, and Gomez, to escape suspicion, confirmed their folly by declaring it must be the Zombi-a spirit of whom the negroes are tremblingly afraid. But a finely painted head of the Virgin having



SEBASTIAN GOMEZ AND MURILLO.

** A the poor start flung bimself on his kners "-Page 20,

attracted Murillo's attention, the great master, convinced that Zombis would not paint Madonnas, instituted a rigid investigation, and discovered with surprise and admiration that it was the work of his mulatto-boy. He summoned Gomez to the studio, and when the poor slave flung himself on his knees and confessed the secret of his nightly vigils, he raised him up with words of encouragement, promised him his liberty, and adopted him as his pupil and successor.

Gomez rose to a high position as a painter, and finished many admirable works, remarkable for their truth and depth of expression, their warmth and softness of colouring. He is best known in art-history as Murillo's mulatto, and only survived his illustrious master a few years, dying about 1689 or 1690.

Bidder, the eminent civil engineer, well-known in his youth as the "Calculating Boy," has publicly attributed his successful career to his early habit of persevering application. Just as Luther's maxim, when translating the Psalms into German, was,—

"Nulla dies sine linea,"

"No day without a line," so Bidder's seems to have been, "No day without something done."

His father was a working-mason at Moreton Hampstead in Devonshire, and he received his tirst lessons in arithmetic from his brother, who was of the same calling. He taught him to count up to one hundred, which he did by counting the tens almost incessantly, until every numeral became like a playmate and old familiar companion. He then addressed himself to the Multiplication Table—that bête noir and bugbear of young students-and mastered its intricacies in a very ingenious manner. obtained a small bag of shot, he arranged them into squares, each line containing an equal number, and, reckoning up their sides, he learned to multiply up to ten times ten. Thus.—

. . . 4 times 3=12. 4 times 4=16

Opposite his father's cottage lived a blacksmith, a worthy old bachelor, who had taken a nephew into apprenticeship, and with this excellent graybeard Bidder became a favourite, was allowed to blow the bellows, and, seated on the hearth, to listen to his stories of old times and old friends. On one of these occasions a village gossip chanced to mention a sum—say

nine times eleven-young Bidder answered it correctly. His readiness excited the surprise of the village circle, and he was tested by other questions, while the blacksmith's nephew worked out the answers with chalk on a board to see if his solutions were accurate. The boy was soon talked of as a prodigy, and as gifts of halfpence rewarded his exertions, he became more warmly attached to his arithmetical studies, arriving at such really wonderful results that the "Extraordinary Calculating Boy" was eventually regarded as one of the phenomena of the day. He was then received as a clerk into a respectable assurance office, which he left to study as an articled pupil under Palmer the engineer. In his new pursuits he found the habits of perseverance which he had gained in his youth of invaluable service, and rapidly rose into a position of honour and influence. At the blacksmith's forge he had learned the lesson which, according to the poet, it is well adapted to teach:-

"Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!"

But a still more remarkable instance of youthful perseverance may be quoted from the life of Johann Ludwig, a poor Saxon peasant, who contrived to master the difficult secrets of astronomy. His story is best told in his own simple language:—

"I was born," he says, "in the year 1715, in the village of Cossedande, and when very young was sent to the village school. The book from which I learned to read was the Bible; and it so interested and delighted me that I eagerly desired to read others; but there were none to be had, nor knew I by what means I could gain any.

"In about a year my master taught me to write. At first I found this very irksome, but when I had overcome the difficulty of shaping the letters, I took to it readily enough, especially as books were then placed in my hands to copy as an exercise. At the age of ten I began to learn arithmetic, but as my teacher would not trouble himself to explain the numerous difficulties I encountered, but expected me to be content with the practice of certain definite rules, I grew disgusted with the science of figures, and after much scolding and beating, left the school without having learned anything more than reading, writing, and the catechism.

"I was then sent into the fields to tend

cows, where I herded with boys of my own age, and learned to be as idle and clownish as they, careless of everything except my daily task. The greater part of what I had learned was quite forgotten, and as I grew older I gave myself up to evil habits, and tried to find satisfaction in vicious ways and such amusements as came within my reach. Yet all this time I had not lost the remembrance of the pleasure I once felt in learning, and I recollected that I had been praised by my master and preferred before all my companions on account of my superior diligence and progress, and I wished I could again enjoy the same pleasures, but I knew not how to do so.

"At length, when I was about twenty years old, I bought a small Bible, at the end of which was a catechism, with references to a great number of texts. As I had never been accustomed to take anything upon trust, I was continually turning over the leaves of my Bible to find the passages referred to; but finding this a troublesome task, I set about transcribing the catechism, with all the texts at large, in their proper places. In this way I filled two quires of paper, and though, when I began, the characters were scarcely legible, before I had

finished the task I found myself considerably improved. An art once learned is never wholly forgotten.

"In the month of March, 1736, I was appointed excise-officer of the district in which I lived, and I found it would be needful for me not only to write, but to master the two primary rules of addition and subtraction. life had now an object, and the desire I felt to keep my accounts in better style than others of my station, determined me, at whatever cost of labour, to study arithmetic. I now regretted I had no instructor, and would gladly have practised the rules even without asking questions. At last I remembered that a schoolfellow of mine had a book from which examples of several rules were selected by the master to exercise his I found, to my joy, he still possessed pupils. this volume, and having borrowed it, I carried home with me my treasure, beginning my studies as I walked along, and pursuing them so diligently, that in six months I was master of the rule of three in fractions.

"I now knew enough to make me earnestly desirous of knowing more"—for such, we may remark, is the peculiar property of knowledge; it stimulates while it strengthens the mind, and

he who once tastes "the Pierian spring" is seldom satisfied until he has drank deeply of its wholesome waters. "I was therefore impatient," continues Ludwig, "to proceed from this book to one that was more advanced, and having in some way contrived to obtain a treatise full of more difficult and complicated calculations, I mastered it completely before the close of the year 1739. Soon afterwards I was fortunate enough to meet with Pacheck's work on geo-I applied myself diligently to it for some time, but at length laid it aside, partly because I could not comprehend the theory as I went on, nor perceive the utility of the practice, but mainly on account of the necessity I was under of immediately attending to my field and vines.

"The severe winter of 1740 compelled me to keep closely confined indoors for many weeks, and then, from sheer lack of mental and bodily occupation, I once more had recourse to the book on geometry; and having comprehended at length some of its leading principles, I procured a little box ruler and an old pair of compasses, on one point of which I mounted the end of a quill fashioned into a pen. With these instruments I incessantly employed myself



" With these instruments I incessantly employed myself."—I age 26.

in making various geometrical figures on paper, to illustrate the theory by a solution of the problems. I was thus happily engaged in my cottage till March; and the joy I felt in the knowledge I had acquired was only surpassed by my eager desire of knowing more.

"But I was now again compelled to lay aside these fascinating pursuits, and address myself to the labour by which alone I could earn my I was also without money to procure such books and instruments as were absolutely necessary for the prosecution of my geometrical However, with the help of a neighstudies. bouring draughtsman, I got the figures (represented by the diagrams in my book) made in wood, and with these I went to work at every leisure interval, which now only occurred once a week, after divine service on a Sunday. I still wanted a new book, and having laid by a small sum against the annual fair, which was my sole opportunity of going to a bookseller's shop, I purchased three small volumes, from which I acquired a complete knowledge of trigonometry. After this I could not rest until I had begun the study of astronomy, and my next purchase, therefore, was an introduction to that science. which I perused with unflagging interest, inventing a great many contrivances to supply my want of proper instruments.

"During my studies I had frequently met with the word philosophy, and this became more and more the subject of my thoughts. imagined it to be the name of some important science with which I was as yet wholly unacquainted, and became exceedingly impatient to inform myself about it. Being continually on the look out, I picked up, at length, a book called, 'An Introduction to the Knowledge of God, of Man, and of the Universe;' and in reading this I found much that was equally interesting and new. As, however, this treatise contained only general principles, I resolved to go to Dresden, and there I inquired among the booksellers who was the most celebrated author that had written on philosophy. They recommended me to the works of Wolfius, written in the German language; and I accordingly purchased his Logic, and at this laboured a full year, still attending to my other studies, so as not to lose what I had already gained. book I found myself referred to another by the same author, called 'Mathematical Principles,' and I therefore inquired about it, intending to buy it; but as it was too dear for my means, I

contented myself with an abridgment of it, which I got in the autumn of 1743. From this also I derived much pleasure and profit.

"I next undertook the study of metaphysics, at which I worked for some months, and would fain have taken up physics, but my poverty was an insurmountable obstacle, and I was obliged to content myself with this author's morality, politics, and remarks on metaphysics, which employed me till July 1746, by which time I had scraped together a sum sufficient to buy the physics, the object of my eager longing, and this work I read twice within the year."

These habits of application remained with Ludwig to the last, and in his case, as in almost all others, the Boy made the Man.

To most lads the life of Sir William Jones, the great scholar, is familiar as "household words," and they will have perused with pleasure the narrative of his early years. His master, Dr. Thackeray, said of him, that he was a boy of so active a mind, that if he were left naked and friendless on Salisbury Plain, he would, nevertheless, find the road to fame and fortune. Before he was twenty years old, he had not only attained a thorough knowledge of Greek and Latin, but of Italian, Spanish, and

Portuguese, and had made considerable progress in Arabic and Persian. The same faculty of persistent study distinguished him in his later life, and finally led to his appointment as a judge in the Supreme Court of Judicature in India. His powers of application may be inferred from his distribution of the twenty-four hours, which Sir Edward Coke had thus provided for:—

"Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six, Four spent in prayer, the rest on Nature fix."

Sir William Jones preferred the following apportionment:—

44 Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven, Ten to the world allot—and all to heaven."

His admirable life suggested to Lord Jeffrey some judicious reflections. "From the very commencement of his career," he says, "he appears to have taxed himself very highly, and having in early youth set before his eyes the standard of a noble and accomplished character in every department of excellence, he seems never to have lost sight of this object of emulation, and never to have remitted his exertions to elevate and conform himself to it in every particular. Though born in a condition very remote from affluence, he soon determined to

give himself the education of a finished gentleman, and not only to cultivate all the elegance and refinement implied in that appellation, but to carry into the practice of an honourable profession all the lights and ornaments of philosophy and learning; and extending his ambition beyond the attainment of mere literary or professional eminence, to qualify himself for the management of public affairs, and to look forward to the higher rewards of patriotism, virtue, and political skill.

"The perseverance and exemplary industry with which he laboured in the prosecution of this magnificent plan, and the distinguished success which attended the accomplishment of all that part of it which the shortness of his life permitted him to execute, afford an instructive lesson to all who may be inclined by equal diligence to deserve an equal reward. more we learn, indeed, of the early history of those who have left a great name to posterity, we shall probably be the more firmly persuaded that no substantial or permanent excellence can ever be attained without much pains, labour, and preparation, and that extraordinary talents are less necessary to the most brilliant success than perseverance and application."

The life of Ferguson the astronomer has been



FERGUSON AND HIS BOOK.

"Retiring by himself, he endesvoured to get at the meaning of what he had heard."
—Page 34.

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so often told that we are unwilling to dwell upon it here with any detail. Still it affords too pregnant an illustration of our subject to be entirely passed over. Ferguson was born at Keith in Banffshire, the son of a small cotter who rented a small plot of ground, cultivated it with his own hands, and eked out a living by daily labour on the adjacent farms. He was a man of sound piety and considerable natural powers, and employed himself in the evenings in imparting to his children the rudiments of knowledge. James Ferguson, as the youngest, received but little of his attention; his mind, however, was active and inquiring; he listened closely while his elder brothers were learning their lessons, and then retiring by himself, endeavoured to get at the meaning of what he had heard by solitary meditation. Occasionally, indeed, he met with an insuperable obstacle, whereupon he betook himself to an aged dame in the neighbourhood, whose assistance generally smoothed away the difficulty. By this means he became a good reader, even before he had attained the age at which his father considered his education should begin. The discovery of his progress broke upon the good old man with pleasing surprise, and rightly appreciating the

force of will and natural talent which his son evidently possessed, he determined to apply himself to his education without delay. He accordingly instructed him in penmanship, and James so rapidly acquired the art as to outstrip his father's capacities of teaching, and he was despatched to the grammar-school at Keith for a few months.

When he was about eight years of age, a simple incident directed his genius into the channel for which it was best adapted. roof of the cottage having partly fallen in, his father, in order to raise it again, applied to it a beam, resting on a prop in the manner of a lever, and thus easily produced what his son regarded as a stupendous mechanical effort. His inquisitive mind immediately applied itself to the principles of leverage; and he soon struck out the cardinal law of the machine, namely, that the effect of any weight brought to bear upon it is always exactly proportioned to the distance of the point on which it rests from the fulcrum. "I then thought," says he, "that it was a great pity that, by means of this bar, a weight could be raised but a very little way. On this I soon imagined that, by pulling round a wheel, the weight might be raised to any height, by tying

a rope to the weight, and winding the rope round the axle of the wheel; and that the power gained must be just as great as the wheel was broader than the axle was thick; and found it to be exactly so, by hanging one weight to a rope put round the wheel, and another to the rope that coiled round the axle." The boy had thus discovered two of the most important of the elementary truths in mechanics—the principles of the lever and of the wheel and axle, and this, though he had no other tools than a simple turning-lathe of his father's, and a little knife with which to fashion his blocks and wheels.

Being of a weakly frame, he was sent to a small farmer in the neighbourhood to keep his sheep, an avocation which afforded him considerable leisure for the prosecution of his studies. While his flock was feeding around him, he busied himself during the day in making models of mills and spinning-wheels, and during the night in watching the celestial bodies. He would wrap himself in a blanket, and with a lighted candle, retire to the fields, where lying upon his back he continued his observations for several hours. "I used to stretch," he says, "a thread with small beads on it, at arm's length, between my eye and the stars; sliding the



THE INGENIOUS SHEPHERD-BOY.
"He busted himself during the day in making models."-Page 36.

beads upon it, till they hid such and such stars from my eye, in order to take their apparent distances from one another; and then, laying the thread down on a paper, I marked the stars thereon by the beads. My master," he adds, "at first laughed at me; but, when I explained my meaning to him, he encouraged me to go on, and that I might make fair copies in the daytime of what I had done in the night, he often worked for me himself. I shall always have a respect for the memory of that man."

The Boy makes the Man, and Ferguson in later years continued the same habits of sedulous study, untiring perseverance, and energetic application. As a Fellow of the Royal Society, a popular author, and a successful lecturer, he was no less industrious—no less eager after knowledge—no less resolute in overcoming obstacles—than when he lay all night under the summer skies, and noted the movements of the stars.

John Adams, one of the ablest of the presidents of the United States, was accustomed to relate the following story:—

"When I was a boy," he said, "I had to study the Latin grammar; but it was dull, and I hated it. My father was anxious to send me to college, and therefore I studied the grammar,

till I could bear it no longer; and going to my father, I told him I did not like study, and asked for some other employment. It was opposing his wishes, and he was quick in his answer. 'Well, John, if Latin grammar does not suit you, you may try ditching; perhaps that will; my meadow yonder needs a ditch, and you may put by Latin and try that!'

"This seemed a delightful change, and to the meadow I went. But I soon found ditching harder than Latin, and the first forenoon was the longest I ever experienced. That day I ate the bread of labour, and glad was I when night came on. That night I made some comparison between Latin grammar and ditching, but said not a word about it. I dug next forenoon, and wanted to return to Latin at dinner; but it was humiliating, and I would not do it. At night toil conquered pride; and though it was one of the severest trials I ever had in my life, I told my father that, if he chose, I would go back to Latin grammar. He was glad of it; and if I have since gained any distinction, it has been owing to the two days' labour in that abominable ditch."

John Adams found that perseverance in an honourable pursuit brings with it its own re-

ward. It is by slow stages that we raise heavenwards

"Monumentum aere perennius,"

the massive pyramid or stately column. The constant dropping of water, says the proverb, hollows out the stone; or, to use an Italian adage, Che va piano, va longano, e va lontano,—Who goes slowly, goes long, and goes far. We must train ourselves for continuous labour, like the athlete, accustoming the mind to systematic exertion. No work is well done that is done by fits and starts. The irregularities of genius, on which some writers enlarge, are not its necessary concomitants but its blemishes, its imperfections; and if the world wonders at and pities an Edgar Allan Poe, it blesses and reverences a Walter Scott.

The faculties we possess were given us for cultivation. Whoever suffers one of them to lie dormant or but partly developed, sins against Him who gave. We must work while it is yet day, for the night cometh when no man can work, and life is not long enough for idleness. The old poet finely says:—

[&]quot;The chiefest action for a man of spirit, Is never to be out of action; we should think The soul was never put into the body, Which has so many rare and curious pieces

THE THREE CARDINAL REQUIRETES.

Of mathematical motion, to stand still.

Virtue is ever sowing of her seeds,—

In the trenches for the soldier; in the wakeful study

For the scholar; in the furrows of the sea

For men of that profession; of all which

Arise and spring up honoux."

WEBSTER.

When Demosthenes was asked the three great qualities that were needful to a successful orator, he replied, firstly, Action; secondly, Action; thirdly, Action! In like manner, if we were called upon to express the three principal requisites for an honourable and successful career, we should say, firstly, Perseverance; secondly, Perseverance; thirdly, Perseverance. It is the magic gift that utilizes all other gifts. Or, as Clarendon quaintly says, It is the philosopher's stone, that turns all metals, and even stones, into gold, and suffers no want to break into its dwelling. It is the north-west passage that brings the merchant's ships as soon to him as he can desire. In a word, it conquers all enemies, and makes fortune itself pay contribution. Was it not Reynolds who said, "If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if you have but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiency? Nothing is denied to well-directed labour; nothing is to be obtained without it." And the youthful reader cannot be too often reminded that on the formation of industrious and persevering habits in his early years depends his well-being in later life. As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined. We have never yet known an idle boy become a hardworking man; we have never seen a boy of industrious habits deteriorate into idleness and sluggish indifference when arrived at manhood. Lord Palmerston worked as hard at eighty as he had done in the flush of his Scott, the laborious lawyer's young career. clerk, was not less laborious as Eldon, the Lord It is said of Henry Bickersteth, Chancellor. afterwards Lord Langdale, and Master of the Rolls, that when a student at Edinburgh, he was distinguished for his assiduity, energy, and diligence; and when in large practice as a successful lawyer, he evinced the same grand qualities of character—qualities which eventually secured him a foremost position among his contemporaries.

An instructive lesson may be derived from the life of the great German scholar, Christian Gottlieb Heyne. He was born and educated to use his own pathetic language—in the deepest poverty. Want was the handmaid of his infancy; Distress the companion of his childish years. His earliest impressions were sorrowful ones, for they were received from the tears of his mother, who knew not where to find bread for her children. Often did he see her on a Saturday with streaming eyes, wringing her hands, when she had failed in disposing of the produce of her husband's labour.

Nevertheless his parents appreciated the value of knowledge, and did what they could to provide him with the elements of education by sending him to a small school in the suburbs. Here he acquired a reputation for quickness, and evinced great pleasure in learning. early as his tenth year, in order to pay for his own schooling, he instructed a neighbour's child in reading and writing. He speedily mastered all that could be acquired in the ordinary routine of the school; and Latin was taught only in private lessons, for which a whole groschen (about three halfpence) was the weekly charge; a sum beyond his parents' capabilities to afford, But Heyne had a godfather, a baker, in good circumstances, to whom, one Saturday, he was sent for a loaf. He entered the shop, his face bathed in tears. His godfather inquired the cause of his distress, and ascertaining that it was the inability to pay for the Latin lessons, promised to furnish the weekly groschen if Heyne would visit him every Sunday, and repeat all that he had learned by heart out of the Bible.

Intoxicated with joy, Heyne ran off with his loaf, and leaping as he went, and tossing his loaf to and fro into the air, unhappily tumbled it into a puddle. This misfortune sobered him. His mother rejoiced at the good news which he brought, though his father was less pleased, probably thinking that Latin was not so profitable as manual labour for the son of a linen weaver. Two years passed away, and his schoolmaster was constrained to acknowledge he had taught him all he knew.

The time was now come for him to leave school and adopt the calling of his progenitors. It was not unnatural that his father should wish for an assistant in his toilsome occupation, and that Heyne's aversion to it should excite his displeasure. The boy, conscious of more than ordinary powers, and inspired with a passionate love of learning, was anxious to continue his studies at a grammar school; but the means were totally wanting.

Heyne's second godfather was a minister in the suburbs, and hearing a glowing account of the lad's capacity and perseverance, he sent for him, and after a close examination decided to place him in the grammar school at his own expense. Words could not express Heyne's ecstacy of delight. He was referred to the second master, examined, and placed, with commendation, in the second class. Of a weakly frame, oppressed with want and misery, cut off from all the sports and enjoyments of childhood, he was very small for his age, and his school-fellows conceived an unfavourable opinion of him from his diminutive appearance.

Though placed at school, Heyne had found no royal road to learning. His godfather paid for his instruction grudgingly, and refused to provide the necessary books, so that he was compelled to borrow them as best he could from the other boys. The instruction imparted, moreover, was of a very inferior class, and even Heyne's perseverance might have given way before so many obstacles, had he not been encouraged by a curious incident. One of the superintendents, at an examination of the pupils, suddenly demanded what anagram could be formed out of the word Austria. None of them knew what an anagram was, but as soon as the necessary explanation had been given, Heyne produced the word Vastari. The superintendent's surprise at so appropriate a rendering was increased when he found that it was the work of a little urchin on the lowest form of the second class, and he overwhelmed him with commendations. Heyne, after relating what he calls this "pedantic adventure," continues, "It gave, however, the first impulse to my powers. I began to feel a greater confidence in myself, and to raise my head in spite of all the contempt and hardship under which I languished." He complains, not the less, that on leaving school he was a perfect novice in classical literature, having read but a few chapters of Livy, and knowing nothing of chronology, history, or geography.

During the last year the star of hope had, indeed, partly risen above the horizon. A better master took the management of the school; and had Heyne's circumstances permitted him to avail himself of some private lessons, he felt he might have accomplished much. But the murmurs of his father—the niggardliness of his pseudo-patron—the chilling want and carking misery that surrounded him, overwhelmed his young spirit, and shrouded the future with unutterable darkness. But for that innate desire and beauty which is ever the com-

panion of genius, and which still animated him to heroic efforts of perseverance, Heyne, in this dreary stage of his career, would have broken down.

Just at this crisis he obtained a situation as tutor in a family where he was kindly treated; and though the remuneration was small, it enabled him, with the aid of what he obtained from private lessons, to increase his parents' scanty resources.

Heyne was now destined to taste all the miseries of a poor scholar's life. Ill-clad, wholly destitute of books, with five shillings in his purse, he found himself planted in the University of Leipzig, and on the threshold of the Temple of Knowledge. At first his spirits shrunk from a prospect-apparently so hopeless, and he sank into a sore illness, from which he recovered only to fall into conditions of life where he became the prey of desperation. How he contrived to live—much more to study—is scarcely apparent from his own narrative. At length, his godfather, old Sebastian Seydel, sent him a paltry pittance, and at infrequent intervals doled out a little money, though not until after "unspeakable solicitations;" in quantities that were consumed by inextinguishable debt, and coupled with dis-

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agreeable admonitions; nay, on one occasion, addressed externally, "A Mr. Heyne, Etudiant Negligeant (Idle Scholar)!" "For half a year," says Carlyle, "he would leave him without all help; then promise to come and see what he was doing; came accordingly, and return without leaving him a penny; neither could the destitute youth ever obtain any public furtherance, for the German universities, unlike Oxford and Cambridge, have few exhibitions or bursaries for the assistance of poor scholars." Many times Heyne had no regular meal; often not three half-pence for a loaf at mid-day. He longed for death-for the dove's wings which should bear him to endless rest. "One good heart alone," says he, "I found, and that in the servant girl of the house where I lodged. She laid out money for my most pressing necessities, and risked almost all she had, seeing me in such frightful want. Could I but find thee in the world even now, thou good, pious soul, that I might repay thee what thou then didst for me ! "

Heyne, in his curious autobiography, declares it to be a mystery to him how he bore so much. "What carried me forward," continues he, "was not ambition; any youthful dream of one day taking a place, or aiming to take one, among the learned. It is true, the bitter feeling of debasement, of deficiency in education and external polish, the consciousness of awkwardness in social life, incessantly accompanied me. But my chief strength lay in a certain defiance of Fate. This gave me courage not to yield, everywhere to try to the uttermost whether I was doomed without remedy never to rise from this degradation."

From his teachers he derived but little assistance, for they were men of very inferior capacity, and wholly unable to satisfy an intellect so craving and eager as that of Heyne's. He was compelled to trust to himself, and he flung his whole soul into his studies with an enthusiasm that threatened to devour him. No pressure of poverty or hunger, no want of books or lack of advisers, could daunt his heroic perseverance. What books he could aim at he borrowed: and he read with such excessive ardour, that for a whole half-year he allowed himself only two nights of sleep in a week, till compelled to moderation by a severe fever. His diligence, says an acute English critic, might have been undirected, or ill-directed, but it never rested, never paused, and must at length prevail. (139)

"Fortune had cast him into a cavern, and he was groping darkly round; but the prisoner was a giant, and would at length burst forth as a giant into the light of day. Heyne, without any clear aim, almost without any hope, had set his heart on attaining knowledge; a force, as of instinct, drove him on, and no promise and no threat could turn him back. It was at the very depth of his destitution, when he had not 'three groschen for a loaf to dine on,' that he refused a tutorship, with handsome enough appointments, but which was to have removed him from the university." One of the professors sent for him one morning, and made him the proposal. "There arose a violent struggle within me," he says, "which drove me to and fro for several days; to this hour it is incomprehensible to me where I found resolution to determine on renouncing the offer, and pursuing my object in Leipzig." A man of unsteady purpose goes backwards and forwards, and really makes no progress on the smoothest road; a man of steady will advances on the roughest, in spite of rock and pitfall, and will gain his end if it have but a little wisdom in it!

Thus passed the months; the man Heyne, like the boy Heyne, unconquerable, resolute,

By good fortune, or rather by that hopeful. Providence which smiles on the industrious, he procured some employment in private teaching to help him through the winter, but when this ceased, he was again without resources. tried working for the booksellers, and translated a French romance, and a Greek one, Chariton's Loves of Chareas and Callirhoe: however, the recompense was scarcely sufficient to find him with salt, not to speak of victuals. He sold his few books. A licentiate in divinity, one Sonntag, took pity on his homelessness, and shared a garret with him; where, as there was no unoccupied bed, Heyne slept on the floor, with a few folios for his pillow. Such was his lodging; in regard to board, he gathered empty peasecods, and had them boiled; this was not unfrequently his only meal.

Through such privations Heyne nevertheless pressed forward, gaining eventually, not only a position of competence and comfort, but the reputation of being one of the soundest scholars which Germany has ever produced.

"This is another of the proofs," says Carlyle, "which minds like his are from time to time sent hither to give, that the Man is not the product of his circumstances, but that, in a far higher

degree, the circumstances are the product of the While beneficed clerks, and other sleek philosophers, reclining on their cushions of velvet, are demonstrating that to make a scholar and man of taste, there must be co-operation of the upper classes, society of gentlemen-commoners, and an income of four-hundred a-year-arises the son of a Chemnitz weaver, and with the very wind of his stroke sweeps them from the Let no man doubt the omnipotence of scene. Nature, doubt the majesty of man's soul; let no lonely unfriended son of genius despair! Let him not despair; if he have the will, the right will, then the power also has not been It is but the artichoke that will denied him. not grow except in gardens. The acorn is cast carelessly abroad into the wilderness, yet it rises to be an oak; on the wild soil it nourishes itself, it defies the tempest, and lives for a thousand years."

Ay, the Way is always open to the determined Will. For every treasure-cave there is an "Open Sesame," if you will only persevere; but, boy or man, you must put your own shoulder to the wheel, before you can expect any assistance from celestial Jove! The ancient maxim that

gods help those who help themselves" has



A FEUDAL HERO.

"He led the charge, shouting, "He that loves mc, follow me!" - Page 54.

a fine truth in it for all men and at all times; it is only by

" Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,"

that we can conquer circumstance, and wrestthe prize from the hands of unwilling Fortune.

From the stirring records of chivalry we might borrow many illustrations of our theme, for its heroes were men of muscle, decision, and steadfast will. Such an one was Gaston de Foix, named, for his successes in war, the "Thunderbolt of Italy;" and who, though he perished prematurely on the fatal field of Ravenna, is ranked by all competent judges among the most illustrious European captains. His memory, says Roscoe, has seldom been adverted to, even by the Italians themselves, without the highest admiration and applause. Byron speaks of him as

"The hero-boy, Who lived too long for men, but died too soon For human vanity."

In his last fight—it was Easter-day, April 11, 1512—this Hero-Boy comported himself like a veteran warrior; and when, overborne by press of numbers, he was smitten from his horse, and flung to the earth dead, his body was pierced with full twenty wounds! He had led the charge against the hosts of the Spaniard, shouting, "He that loves me, follow me!" and his plumed helm

shone, like a star, in the thickest of the battle, an encouragement and a rallying-point to his soldiers. He was only twenty-three when he thus met with a hero's death; but in his brief career he had never attempted aught in which he had not succeeded. No obstacle could withstand his persevering, resolute spirit. No labour could tire out his unconquerable energy. His manhood, like his youth, displayed the most signal powers of endurance, and showed him possessed of all those qualities which make up the successful commander. A soldier he was, from his childhood upwards. He breathed of arms while yet a boy; as a stripling, mounted the fierce warsteed, and clothed his limbs in "glittering mail;" and as a soldier, he fell in battle-harness, to be the theme of many a poet's song.

Biography is full of examples of what may be accomplished by a resolute will. Most great men have risen to greatness under peculiarly unfavourable conditions. Thus, Columbus, who opened to Commerce and Civilization a New World, was in early life a weaver. Niebuhr, the Roman historian, was a peasant. Sextus V. commenced his career as a swine-herd; Æsop was a slave; Homer,

"The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle,"

a beggar; and Demosthenes, the son of a sword-

maker. Take some instances from our British hagiology. Daniel Defoe was apprenticed to a hosier; Gay to a silk-mercer. "Rare Ben Jonson" handled the bricklayer's trowel, and Prideaux was employed to sweep Exeter College. Burns, who walked

"In glory and in joy, Behind his plough, upon the mountain side,"

was a poor cotter's son; Gifford, the critic, a cobbler; Richard Arkwright a barber; and Halley, the astronomer, the son of a soap-boiler. Poverty-obscure birth-lack of the appliances of knowledge—hunger—want of friends such are the obstacles which perseverance overcomes, when the trained and disciplined mind of the boy is developed into the resolute and sagacious man. Hence may the youthful reader infer the vast importance of acquiring in his early time those habits of application and diligence which alone can ensure the success of his after career. Habits, be it remembered, are like iron fetters, which the captive seldom succeeds in shaking off. They creep upon us unawares, and, if not on the watch, we may find ourselves thralls and slaves when boasting most of our freedom. As Dryden says,-

"All habits gather, by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas."

Let us take care that the habits to which, as boys, we surrender ourselves, are not habits which, as men, we shall be ashamed of. As the snow accumulates, says Jeremy Bentham, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue. Remember, the Boy, for good as well as for evil, makes the Man.





II.

Examples of an Ober-mastering Taste Influencing an Individual's Career.

"In every man there is a magnet; in that thing which the man can do best, there is a loadstone."

"This above all,—To thine own self be true, And it must follow, as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to any man."

SHARSPEARE.

N no sense, perhaps, is it more true that the Boy makes the Man than in the bias of his youthful genius. The future Mozart, Landseer, or Faraday, shows himself—reveals his talents and inclinations—in his earliest years, and Benjamin West sketching portraits of his baby-sister in her cradle foreshadows the man who shall immortalize the death of Wolfe. Few artists, for instance, have been born in circumstances favourable to the development of the artistic faculty; their genius has struggled to the light in spite of



THE BOY-ARTIST.
"Sketching portraits of his baby-sister in her cradic."—Page 58.

every difficulty,—poverty, sickness, parental disapproval. Through the clay and the rock the fountain bubbles up into the sunshine. Thus, says a recent writer, Gainsborough and Bacon were the sons of cloth-workers, Barry was an Irish sailor-boy, and Maclise a banker's apprentice at Cork; Opie and Romney, like Inigo Jones, were carpenters; West was the son of a small Quaker farmer in Pennsylvania; Northcote was a watchmaker, Jackson a tailor, and Etty a printer; Reynolds, Wilson, and Wilkie, were the sons of clergymen; Lawrence was the son of a publican, and Turner of a barber.

Our readers will have heard of Blaise Pascal, the eminent French mathematician, and author of those famous Lettres Provinciales which so powerfully exposed the corruptions of the Jesuit order. He was born at Clermont, in the province of Auvergne in France, on the 19th of June, 1623. His father, Stephen Pascal, held an important official appointment as President of the Court of Aids in Auvergne. When he was only three years of age he lost his mother, and his father then resolved to retire from public life, and wholly devote himself to his son's education. But he neglected the heart while

cultivating the mind, and being himself addicted to scientific pursuits, rejoiced in the proofs which young Pascal gave of precocious Having surrendered his office talent. Auvergne to a brother, he removed to Paris when Blaise was in his eighth year, and continuing his sole teacher, fostered with the utmost care his nascent genius. He carefully kept back, however, every indication of his partiality for mathematical studies, and directed his attention rather to the general discipline of his mind than to the fostering of any particular tendency. But genius will not be denied, and though all mathematical books were rigidly excluded from his studies, the peculiar bias of Pascal's mind speedily developed itself. implored his father to teach him mathematics; he dreamed of circles, triangles, and parallelograms; and when his father persisted in his opposition, he resolved to master the science by his own unaided labours. Shutting himself up in his play-room, he began a series of rude but marvellous experiments, to assist him in his investigations. He covered the floor with figures drawn in charcoal; squares, circles, triangles, cubes, cones, and other mathematical forms. He did not know even the name for a circle.

but called it a "a round," or of a line, but called it a "bar." Yet, in this state of ignorance, and with such imperfect appliances, his acute intellect contrived to analyze and comprehend the purpost of one of Euclid's propositions.

By accident Stephen Pascal entered his son's playroom. When he discovered what had been the occupation of his leisure hours his admiration was equal to his surprise, and he burst into tears of joyful emotion. The prohibition was immediately removed, and Pascal left to follow: the bent of his natural genius. He soon gained a distinguished position among the mathematicians of the age. When scarcely sixteen years. old he was admitted a member of a Parisian. society for the cultivation of mathematics. And his after life in all things fulfilled his youthful promise, so that a great authority has pronounced upon him the following eulogy:--"The orator admires in him a model of eloquence, the critic confesses him the most elegant of writers, and the man of science the profoundest of mathematicians." In Blaise Pascal, then, the child was father of the man; and the genius that budded in his youth crowned his manhood with a wreath of imperishable glory.

A similar example of the "ruling passion



"He burst into tears of joyful emotion."—Page 62.

strong in" youth is afforded by the life of the great Italian artist, Michael Angelo Buonarotti. His father, Lodovico Buonarotti, was desirous of bringing him up to some of the learned professions; sent him to a grammar-school at Florence to be grounded in the classics, and sternly repressed his son's indications of artistic ability. It was not that Michael neglected his other studies, but that he threw all his energies into the study of drawing. sought every opportunity of cultivating an acquaintance with those of his school-fellows who were receiving instruction in painting, until his parents could no longer strive against his manifest inclinations, and placed him, at the age of fourteen, with Dominico Ghirlandajo, an artist of some facility, but wholly unable to direct a genius of so much original power. pupil soon outstripped his master, and rapidly grew into repute and influence. While still a youth he founded at Florence an academy of painting and sculpture, and attracted the attention of Lorenzo de' Medici, whose liberal encouragement fostered his rising genius. about this period that he was informed of the contemptuous terms in which the Cardinal of San Gregorio had ridiculed his achievements,



THE CARDINAL AND THE ARTIST.
"No modern boulptor, I suspect, could fashion its fellow."—Page 66.

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preferring the most inferior antique statue to his greatest chefs-d'œuvres. He then resolved upon mystifying so erudite a connoisseur, and secretly buried a statue of Cupid, fresh from his chisel, in a spot where some labourers were pursuing their explorations. The statue was discovered, and carried to the Cardinal, who pronounced it an antique of the most exquisite beauty, and liberally rewarded the finders. One arm was missing, but this only enhanced the value of the statue in the eyes of a virtuoso.

Placing it in his gallery he sent for Michael Angelo, either to obtain his opinion, or mortify him with slighting comparisons.

- "I see nothing in it very marvellous," said the sculptor.
- "Could you hope to equal it?" retorted the Cardinal.
 - "I do not think the task beyond my powers."
- "But, Signor Angelo, you have not fully examined the statue. Observe the beautiful finish of the Torso—remark the exquisite modelling of the head, the legs, the arms—"
 - "The arm, your Eccelenza means!"
- "No modern sculptor, I suspect, could fashion its fellow," rejoined the Cardinal.

"Then what does your Eccelenza think of this?" exclaimed Michael Angelo, as he drew from the folds of his cloak the missing arm, and showed that it perfectly fitted the vacant shoulder. The Cardinal stood aghast, and was constrained to acknowledge, after a moment's hesitation, that at least one modern sculptor could equal the master-pieces of ancient Art.

It is needless to recapitulate Michael Angelo's successes in the glorious art which he had adopted as his own. His name has become proverbial for loftiness of imagination and majesty of expression. He stands foremost among the great Italian masters, for on none has devolved the mantle which he wore so worthily. "He was the bright luminary," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "from whom painting has borrowed a new lustre, under whose hands it assumed a new appearance, and became another and superior art; and from whom all his contemporaries and successors have derived whatever they have possessed of the dignified and majestic." He died in 1563.

The parents of Salvator Rosa, another illustrious Italian master, in like manner resolutely opposed themselves to the cultivation of his natural genius. They had given him the name

of "Salvator" with the express intention of dedicating him to the service of the Church. But it was in vain that they placed him under the charge of the monks of a neighbouring convent. When he should have been learning litanies and deciphering Latin prayers, he was imagining fair forms and lovely landscapes. He was constantly lost in day-dreams of exquisite grace, and the shattered columns and picturesque ruins which form so conspicuous a feature of Italian scenery suggested to him a thousand charming conceptions. When the monk, whose special charge he was, went in quest of him, he usually found the truant, with paper and pencil in hand, seated on a mossy stone,—in the shadow of some old gnarled tree,—and endeavouring to transfer to his sketch-book the beauties that glowed around him. In vain the fathers preached. In vain his parents reproached him. conscious of the divine breath within him, and could not stifle it. So, at length, with a sigh, his parents renounced their unwise design; and his youthful productions securing him a patron in Giovanni Lanfranco, he was placed under the instruction of Aniello Falcone and afterwards of Guiseppe Ribera, better known as Spagnoletto, an artist of the highest eminence.



THE MONK AND THE TRUANT.
"He found the truant seated on a mossy stone."—Page f8.

It is unnecessary to follow up his after-career. His genius was bold, original, and romantic, and its *chefs-d'œuvres* are among those "things of beauty" which, as the poet says, are "joys for ever," and which assuredly a grateful world will not let die.

Watteau, the French genre painter, was the son of a slater, and his father bred him up to the same trade. But he discovered so passionate a love of art, and evinced so great a talent for drawing, that he was soon permitted to address himself to the life-work which Providence had destined him to do. In 1702, he made the acquaintance of a scene painter who was on his way to Paris, and, on his arrival in that city. penniless and without friend or patron, for some time assisted his companion in painting theatrical decorations for the Opera House. This resource soon failed him; his associate having accomplished his commission quitted Paris, and Watteau was speedily reduced to the extremest indigence,—even to the very verge of starvation. But Genius never despairs of the Future. young artist wrestled with adverse Fortune, and refused to succumb. He lived on bread and water, and forgot his hunger, his poverty, his sorrows in the dainty conceptions which his



THE TURNING-POINT OF A LIFE.
"While he was seeking to dispose of a small painting."—Page 72.

prodigal brain poured forth, and his skilful hand realized on the canvas. A slight incident proved the turning-point of his career. While he was seeking to dispose of a small painting at a broker's, Claude Gillot, the artist, entered, and recognising at once the young student's originality of style and delicacy of colouring, purchased the treasure which the picture-dealer had contemptuously rejected. Watau's modest mien and gentle manners induced the benevolent Gillot to question him closely upon his position and prospects. He received him into his house, instructed him in all he knew, and was magnanimous enough to rejoice when the pupil outstripped the master. Watteau became a prosperous and celebrated artist, and his works are highly prized by all connoisseurs capable of appreciating their peculiar beauties.

William Etty furnishes another example of the influence which an over-mastering love of a particular pursuit invariably exercises upon a man's life and character. His father was a ginger-bread and spice-maker at York, and his mother, a clever and noble-hearted woman, the daughter of a rope-maker. Young Etty evinced a strong and fervent love of drawing at an early age. With a lump of chalk or a charred stick he covered all the available space on his father's floors, walls, and ceilings with drawings of men and animals or imaginary landscapes. His mother, necessarily ignorant of art, but perceiving that her son's talents surpassed those of ordinary boys, did what she conceived to be the best for him, and apprenticed him to a But you may as well seek to divert the mountain torrent into a leaden water-spout as to crib, cabin, and confine the natural enthusiasm of genius. You cannot make a pack-horse out of the high-mettled Arabian All Etty's leisure moments were devoted to the study of drawing, and as soon as he was free from his apprenticeship, he resolved to be an artist, and nothing but an artist. new vocation he was generously assisted by his uncle and elder brother, who supplied him with the means of entering as a pupil at the Royal Thenceforward his path was com-Academy. paratively smooth; his progress rapid; and he realized his youthful dream by becoming a great painter.

What shall we say of George Stephenson, who, from a colliery boy, rose to the position of leading engineer in this land of great engineers? In his case, as in so many others,

did not the Boy make the Man? Or shall we tell the tale of Chantrey's early struggles-of the famous sculptor whose monument of the "Sleeping Children" in Lichfield Cathedral is, verily, a poem in marble? He was the son of a poor man, and born at Norton, near Sheffield. His youthful occupation was an ignoble one; that of driving an ass laden with milk-cans into the neighbouring town of Sheffield, to serve his mother's customers with milk. When he grew older he was placed in the shop of a Sheffield grocer, but manifested an invincible repugnance to the trade. As yet he had not discovered the secret of his own powers, but happening to pass a carver's shop one day, he was attracted by the graceful handiwork exposed for sale, and implored his friends to apprentice him to a He was accordingly bound for seven His genius now developed itself. years. devoted all his spare hours to carving, modelling, drawing, and soon acquired a mastery over painting in oils. Betaking himself to London, he hired a room over a stable as a studio, and there modelled his first original work for exhibi-It was a gigantic head of Satan. man saw it, admired it, and recommended its sculptor to execute four busts of admirals for

the Greenwich Hospital. This commission led to others, and the brave strong man saw himself on the highway to fortune.

In the Place de St. Izaak, at St. Petersburg, stands an equestrian statue of the famous founder of the city, Peter the Great, which never fails to rivet the attention of the stranger from its air of majesty and grandeur. sculptor was Etienne Falconet, a native of Paris, and the son of indigent parents, who could afford him no other education than the mere rudiments of reading and writing. Ere he had half spent his childhood, he was apprenticed to a carver in wood, whose principal occupation seems to have been making wig-blocks. Young Etienne could not content himself with this for his life-work. He felt within him the stirrings of a mysterious power, which bade him hope, and aspire, and strive for excellence. So whatever picture or engraving pleased his fancy, he endeavoured to imitate it; and his skilful hands were constantly busy in fashioning busts and models of clay. Every hour he could spareevery coin he could procure—he devoted to his darling pursuit, until his enthusiastic toil in due time fitted him for higher labours, and he entered the studio of the sculptor Lemoine.

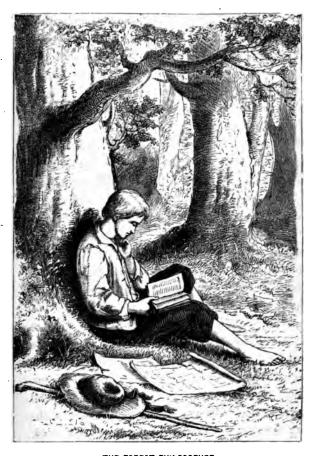
His progress was so rapid, that in 1745 his statue of Milo of Crotona received the high approval of the French Academy, and nine years afterwards he was admitted a member of that illustrious body. Commissions flowed in upon him from every country; and in 1766 he was invited to Russia by the Empress Catherine II. to execute the noble monument which will hand down his fame to the latest posterity. Thus from the wig-block to the colossal statue of the Russian hero had Falconet's passionate love of Art elevated his genius.

Let the mind follow its own bias, and no obstacles seem able to resist its powers of intense volition. "I will be marshal of France," said a young soldier; and before he died he had won the glittering baton. "I am sure," writes Fowell Buxton, "that a young man may be very much what he pleases." It remains with us to command, by deserving, success; and to have it said, as was said of the British troops at Waterloo, They do not know when they are beaten. Valentine Jameray Duval may serve us as an example. At the time of his death he was keeper of the Imperial Medals at Vienna, and preceptor to the Royal Prince, afterwards the Emperor Joseph II. He was born at

Artonay, a village of Champagne, in the year His parents were exceedingly poor, and 1695. his father died when he was ten years old. He was then taken by a farmer to keep his poultry, but being soon dismissed for some childish error, he resolved on leaving home, rather than becoming a burden to his mother. In the winter of 1709 he set out on his wanderings. After suffering hunger, fatigue, and bodily pain, he arrived at Morglut, where a compassionate shepherd engaged him to tend When the worst of the winter had passed, he again resumed his wanderings, and at length was received by the inhabitants of a hermitage at St. Anne's, near Luneville, who gave him the charge of their five or six cows, and taught him writing and arithmetic. Eagerly desirous of knowledge, he spent his nights in studying the heavens, constructing an observatory of osiers in the summit of a lofty oak. his scanty earnings he purchased a few books and instruments, and to increase his store he hunted and killed the wild animals of the forest for their skins, which he disposed of at a cheap rate, and with the produce added to his little library. He read all kinds of books with the utmost avidity, storing up the information he acquired in a memory of singular retentive-

While seated one day under the shade of a forest-tree, with his books and papers around him, he was accosted by some members of the royal family on their way to a hunting expedition, who were naturally surprised at the sight of this rural philosopher. The result of the interview was, that they became his patrons and placed him in the Jesuits' College at Pont a Mousson, where he made a rapid progress in geography, history, and the study of antiquities. In all his after life he displayed the same eminent qualities of fervent love of knowledge and dauntless perseverance, until he was universally recognised as one of the chief of European scholars.

Who has not heard of Leonardo da Vinci, a man of almost universal learning as well as a painter of surpassing powers? Language has been taxed to the uttermost for his eulogiums. There was in him, we are told, a grace beyond expression, which was rendered manifest, without thought or effort, in every act and deed. Extraordinary power was, in his case, conjoined with extraordinary facility. To whatever subject he turned his attention, it mattered not



THE FOREST PHILOSOPHER.
"While seated one day under the shade of a forest-tree."—Page 78,

what might be its difficulties, he was able, by his rare capacity, to make himself absolute master of it.

> "He scanned the heavens, and mysteries there Grew patent to his eagle ken, While beauteous things from earth and air, Like new creations, smiled on men.

He seized his pencil—all was grace; His chisel—marble seemed to live; All Nature's glories he could trace, And ravishments to mortals give."

He was the son of a Florentine notary, and born at the Castle of Vinci, in the Val d' Arno, not far from the old Tuscan capital, in the year 1452. Even as a child he manifested a great love of drawing and painting, of form and colour, and executed numerous little sketches. which displayed considerable promise. father, convinced that they exceeded in talent the average productions of boys of his age, showed them to a painter, Andrea del Vervechio. He immediately offered to receive the young Leonardo as his pupil, and in Vervechio's studio the boy-artist's productions excited general admiration. At the same time his wonderful precocity was conspicuous in other branches; he acquired rapidly and retained firmly.

An incident is recorded of his boyish life which seems worth relating. His master was



THE PUPIL OUTSTRIPS THE MASTER.
"Displeased to find that a mere child could do more than himself."—I'a; v 22.

covering a yard of canvas with a design of "Christ being baptized in the Jordan by John," and Leonardo was appointed to paint in one of the figures, that of an angel. But he executed his task with so much delicacy of expression and finish of manipulation, and his work so far surpassed his master's, that thenceforth the latter abandoned painting, and restricted himself to sculpture and other departments of art, being hugely displeased "to find that a mere child could do more than himself."

The Boy made the Man. Leonardo was not only famous in his later career for his genius as an artist, of which the "Last Supper" will ever be a glorious memorial, but for his knowledge of poetry, astronomy, architecture, sculpture, engineering, music, botany, mechanics, and Nor was he merely a superficial anatomy. universalist; he learned nothing "by rote;" but whatever he studied, mastered thoroughly. As a man he was no less eager in the pursuit of knowledge than he had been as a boy. never wearied in the acquisition of information. Study had for him such infinite charms that he counted all time wasted which was not devoted to it. His work was distinguished by the same thoroughness. Every leaf and flower in his

landscapes was drawn with microscopic minute-In painting a countenance he individualized every hair on the eyebrows; in painting woven cloth he particularized each separate thread. And this almost painful fidelity was accompanied with an exquisite grace of expression and tenderness of feeling. So that we may accept the panegyric of Vasari as in no case exceeding the truth, when he says that "Leonardo was in all things so highly favoured by nature, that to whatever he turned his thoughts, mind, and spirit, he gave proof in all of such admirable power and perfection that whatever he did bore an impress of harmony, truthfulness, goodness, sweetness, and grace, wherein no other man could ever equal him."

Sir David Wilkie, the greatest name in Scotch Art, was the son of the Rev. David Wilkie, minister of Cults, in Fifeshire, where he was born on the 18th of November, 1785. Young David was not one of those boys whose precocity makes them the oracle of their aunts and the terror of their household. He was even supposed to be miserably dull and irradicably stolid, and his master—the dominie of the village-school—reported that when he should have been studying "grammar, arithmetic, and the

use of the globes," he was covering his slate, or what chance bits of paper he could get hold of, strange designs in pencil or colours. But this reproach was removed from him when he was placed, in 1797, in the school at Keith. then under the charge of Dr. Strachan, afterwards Bishop of Toronto; though his artistic propensities continued to manifest themselves in his leisure hours. He loved to lie on the greensward, and watch the play of light and shadow on the distant hills; or the deepening hues of heaven, as the sun went down into the western main; or those changing effects of mist and rain and sunshine, which make the glory of the Scottish dales. His quick eye also delighted in the lurid glow of the smithy, its masses of darkness, and the weird glare hovering about the persons of its sturdy inmates. He was never weary of drawing; he sketched everything; men and women, with those bold marked features generally observable in the Scotch peasantry; boys and girls; the village-donkey; the village-dog; tramps with their wallets; soldiers in resplendent uniforms; the elders of the kirk; the eccentric "bodies" of the neighbouring hamlets; nothing characteristic, humorous, or sharply defined escaped his notice,

and what he observed he reproduced with wonderful fidelity. He was not particular about his materials. A burnt stick and a barndoor often served him instead of brush and He would cover with his sketches the walls of the manse or the smooth sand by the river-side. So that, despite his father's aversion to a profession which seemed to him a flagrant contradiction of the second commandment, it was evident that David could only be an artist, that it was his special vocation, and in no other would his talents have free play or his heart satisfy its aspirations.

On applying for admission to the Scottish Academy at Edinburgh, he was at first rejected, on account of the roughness of his introductory specimens. But he persevered; he accomplished something better; and was eventually enrolled as a student. Modest and self-contained—doubtful of his own genius—he endeavoured to supply the want of innate power by steadfast toil. The single element, he says, in all the progressive movements of my pencil, was persevering industry. With admirable tenacity he clung to his fixed purpose, and laboured day and night in the acquisition of knowledge. Removing to London, he took lodgings in Norton

Street, and having obtained employment at eighteen shillings a week, devoted his leisure to the execution of his first great picture, "The Village Politicians," which displays all his peculiar humour and keen insight into character. It was purchased by Lord Mansfield; exhibited at the Royal Academy; and crowned its creator with fame. Thenceforward the artist's career was one of unwavering success; a success due to his industry no less than his natural capacity, and the just reward of a self-reliant and admirable life.

While indulging in these recollections of art and artists, we may enforce the truth of our dictum, that the pursuit embraced by the boy is the only pursuit in which excellence is ever attained by the man, by a reference to the early amusements of the great English painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds. He was the tenth child in a family of eleven, and the son of the Rev. Samuel Reynolds of Plympton, Devonshire, where he was born on the 16th of July, 1723. love of art which he manifested in his earliest childhood seemed to the grave clergyman a vain and worthless thing; he considered it, indeed, an excuse for slothfulness, and on the back of one of Joshua's youthful attempts scrawled the severe censure, "Done by Joshua out of pure



HE WOULD BE A PAINTER.
"He made a drawing of his father's school,"—Page 88.

idleness." But the parental discouragment could not crush the inborn impulse. The boy copied every print or drawing he could obtain; studied Richardson's "Treatise on Painting" and the "Points of Perspective;" and, at twelve years of age, attempted portraits with no small degree of success. He made a drawing of his father's school with so much accuracy of outline and in such correct perspective that the grave clergyman could no longer maintain his severity. He saw that his son would be-must be-a painter, and wisely resolved to aid him in following the strong bias of his genius. what fame and prosperity Reynolds attained it is needless for us to state. He became the founder, in effect, of the English school of painting, and his portraits are deservedly prized as almost invaluable chefs-d'œuvres. last he preserved his enthusiastic love of art, and cultivated his divine gift with the most sedulous care. His life was a pure and happy If his genius was brilliant, his virtues were many; and he well deserved the warm encomium of the poet:-

[&]quot;His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand; His manners were gentle, complying, and bland; Still born to improve us in every part, His pencil our faces, his manners our heart."

"A stout heart to a steep brae," says the old Scotch proverb, and it is certain that the student who would climb the hill of Difficulty must learn to hope, to strive, to believe, and to be This is the lesson taught by the poetry strong. of Longfellow, which possesses such an attraction for the young; and it informs the pages of the earlier works of Carlyle, stimulating the mind to a nobler enthusiasm and a more earnest labour. Work is dignity, says the modern preacher; work is honour; work is success-not that worldly success which mean spirits long to attain, but the fruition of the mental powers, the ripening and blossoming of the higher faculties. The great end of a true life is Work, that by work we may gain Knowledge.

"The world of God above us and below
Is here for Lian to work in and to know;
But, like a ghost on Time's funereal brink,
Filts the pale reason uninspired to think.
Spread free your wings and soar to Truth's great star,
Nor be your thoughts less than your birthrights are."

It matters not how trivial or apparently common may be your daily task, your ordinary vocation; it rests with you to ennoble it by aspiring after higher things. Every one, says John Sterling, who tries to connect his daily task, however mean, with the highest thoughts he can apprehend, thereby secures the rightful-

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ness of his work, and is raising his own existence to its utmost perfection. Let us learn, in such measure as our faculties and opportunities permit, that nature and mankind are a great whole, of which the individual is but a small atomic part, and which only, when conceived, if not thoroughly understood as a whole, exalts and warms us out of the petty selfishness that unfits us for our noblest duties, and dwarfs us to the stature of our consciousness.

Be careful, therefore, what life-work you take up, O reader, in your youthful years; be careful what standard you erect before your aspiring eyes; for the boy makes the man, and as is the dawn of life so will be its full noon and declining years.

A striking illustration of this trite truth is afforded by the career of Robert Peel, the father of the great statesman, and the first baronet of the name. When a lad of fourteen he declared it to be his ambition to establish the fame of his family on a broad basis, an ambition which he lived to fulfil. At the age of eighteen, informing his father that the Peels were too numerous in Blackburn, he solicited a sum of £500, with which to go forth and work out his own fortunes. His request was not granted,

but a situation was procured for him in the establishment of Haworth and Yates at Bury. Calico-spinning being his vocation in life, he addressed himself to this vocation with all his energies, not forgetting to ennoble it, however, by linking his thoughts to "higher things." He became a partner in, and soon the head of, the firm which had employed him as a clerk; extended its operations, it may fairly be said, throughout the civilized world; and so enlarged its factories that soon they monopolized the whole town of Bury, and employed upwards of 15,000 persons.

The ambition of his youth remained the ambition of his manhood. It was not a high, but it was a useful ambition; and he succeeded in founding a family which now takes its place among the territorial magnates of England. "He was an ambitious man," says his nephew, Sir Lawrence Peel, "he loved money; but he loved it principally as an instrument of power. He was the very reverse of a selfish man. He possessed a genial, generous nature; he loved young people, and loved to see all around him happy. He was eager to diffuse happiness; he was at all times bountiful and munificent in his gifts. As his possessions were great, it was him

duty to give largely; but still, even so viewed, his was a bountiful hand. He dealt with money as one who, if he knew its value, with how much toil and anxiety it had been won by him, felt also that God has impressed wealth with a trust, and that the trustee must pass his accounts. He gave much, and by preference he gave in He gave also with delicacy of manner, and the nice feelings of a gentleman. His was no narrow or one-sided beneficence; he knew no distinction of politics or creed when a man needed help. He was a moral and religious He was grave in exterior, yet a humorous man, with a quiet relish of fun. He had small respect for a man of idle life-for any one, in short, who was not useful; and neither fashion nor rank, without good service of some sort, won any allegiance from him. He was the true child of commerce; the productive industry of England, its value and its power-these were his abiding themes."

Emphatically did the boy make the man in the case of Robert Peel's eldest son, the illustrious statesman. When he was born, his father fell on his knees, and vowed to devote him to the service of his country. The vow was solemnly kept. All the education and home-training of the youthful Robert were designed with a view to his debut in the House of Commons, and the career of a patriot, an orator, and a statesman. His father was wont to set him up at table to practise extemporaneous speaking; and he was made to repeat every Sunday as much of the sermon as his memory could retain. At Harrow school he distinguished himself as a declaimer and actor; and he lived to become, not only first minister and the leading politician of England, but the best debater in the House of Commons—the result of his early training.

We commend these examples to the careful consideration and imitation of our youthful readers.





III.

Examples of Studious Application.

"Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-searched with saucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' booka."

SHAKSPRARE.

TUDIES," says Lord Bacon, "serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight

is in privateness and retiring; for ornament is in discourse; and for ability is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and, perhaps, judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels and the plots and marshalling of affairs come best from those that are learned."

From those that are learned; yes, but a studious youth is the necessary preliminary to a learned manhood. A youth spent in well-

directed and well-considered study, not in mere plodding; since the food must be digested, if it is to strengthen our muscles and purify our And, oh, what a pleasure there is in the pursuit of Knowledge! No labour so surely repays itself; no toil that I know of earns so glorious and enduring a reward. It is not to be acquired without arduous pains and constant application, for, as an old writer says, it is troublesome and deep digging for pure waters; but when once the spring is reached, how the draught refreshes our soul and recruits our energies! It is the true Elixir Vita, that secures for its possessor the joys of immortal It is the Open Sesame of the Oriental youth. fable, which unlocks for us the inexhaustible treasures of the Past. It is the magician's spell, and evokes for our special communion the spirits of the illustrious dead. It is the wing-to borrow Shakspeare's fine expression - with which we fly to heaven; on which, with soaring flight, we rise above the sordid earth, and roam among the stars.

The value of knowledge has been appreciated by all great minds; and Mr. Craik, in a charming little work, has shown us that they have suffered no obstacles to daunt them in its attain-

Poverty might be supposed to operate as an insuperable barrier, for it deprives the student of the means of study-of the implements of his work—while depressing his energies and chilling his very soul. But no severity of fortune can oppress the fervent scholar, to whom his mind a kingdom is, and who finds in himself a sufficient resource when "winds blow bleak without." When the great Erasmus was at Paris, a poor and penniless seeker after truth, he sometimes longed for a little money, but not to expend upon those objects which generally excite the wishes of youth. "As soon as I get money," he wrote, "I will buy, first Greek books, and then clothes."

It is related of the German scholar Schaeffer, that when he entered the University of Halle, his whole expenditure for the first six months of his attendance did not exceed a few halfpence daily; a little bread and a few vegetables boiled in water were his only nourishment; and in the severest winter his apartment was without a fire. This heroism has been common among the sizars of our English universities no less than among the German students. Who does not remember the hardships endured by Dr. Johnson, both in his collegiate career and in the days of his early

literary enterprise, when he was glad to dine off the scraps from his publisher's table? mediæval times it was the custom of the German scholars, while pursuing their studies at the universities, to earn their daily bread by singing before the houses of the rich and charitable; and it was thus that Luther supported himself during his residence at Eisenach. no one," he writes, "in my presence speak contemptuously of the poor fellows who go from door to door, singing and begging bread propter You know the psalm says, Princes and Kings have sung. I myself was once a poor mendicant, seeking my bread at people's houses, particularly at Eisenach, my own dear Eisenach!" It was while pursuing this wandering life that he attracted the attention of Dame Ursula Cotta, who was charmed by his sweet and gentle manner, as he stood beneath her window, singing his favourite psalm,-

"God is my refuge and my strength."

She took him into her house, and provided him with the means of support for a considerable period.

Luther himself may be quoted as an example of studious application in youth. He was four-

teen years old when he went to Eisenach, where he studied grammar, rhetoric, and poetry. afterwards read most of the classics, and the writings of the school-men, Occam, Duns Scotus, and Thomas Aquinas. At the age of twenty he obtained the degree of Master of Arts. the monastery at Erfurt he excited general admiration in the public exercises by the facility with which he extricated himself from the labyrinths of dialectics. He read assiduously the prophets and the apostles, then the books of St. Augustine, his 'Explanation of the Psalms,' and his book on the 'Spirit and the Letter.' He almost got by heart the treatises of Gabriel Biel and Pierre d'Andilly, Bishops of Cambray: he also read a great deal of the writings of Gerson." And this laborious study he continued to the last, providing himself with the weapons which served him so well in his great fight against the corruptions and iniquities of the Roman Church.

Mr. Craik, in his "Pursuit of Knowledge," relates the history of a work entitled, "A System of Divinity," by the Rev. William Davy, which affords, perhaps, the most extraordinary instance on record of literary industry and labour. Mr. Davy was born in 1743, near Chudleigh, in

Devonshire, where his father resided on a small farm, his own freehold. From a very early age he gave proofs of a mechanical genius, and when only eight years old, cut out with a knife and put together the parts of a small mill, after the model of one then building in the neighbourhood, whose gradual construction he observed narrowly every day, while proceeding with equal regularity to the completion of his own task. When the large mill was finished, it was found to work imperfectly, and yet the builder could discern no actual defect. It is said that while he was endeavouring to elucidate the mystery, the young self-taught architect presented himself, and observing that his own mill went perfectly well, pointed out, after a rapid examination, both the fault and the remedy.

Being intended for the church, he was placed at the Exeter Grammar School, where he distinguished himself by his rapid acquisition of knowledge, while still retaining his attachment to mechanical pursuits. At the age of eighteen he entered at Oxford, where he took the degree of B.A., and first conceived the idea of compiling a System of Divinity, to consist of selections from the best writers. For this purpose he

began to collect, in a common-place book, such passages as he thought would suit his purpose.

On leaving college he received the curacies of Moreton and Lastleigh, the latter bringing him a yearly stipend of £40. In the year 1786 he published, by subscription, six volumes of sermons, as a species of introduction to his proposed work; but as many of the subscribers never paid for their copies, he found himself indebted to his printer upwards of £100. This disaster did not discourage him; he proceeded with his magnum opus, but when the voluminous manuscript was finished, discovered that the cost of printing it would exceed £2000. attempted to obtain subscribers for it, but failed in the attempt, and then, with characteristic perseverance, resolved on becoming his own He accordingly constructed a press, printer. and from an Exeter printer purchased a quantity of old and worn-out types. With infinite labour, and astonishing energy, he pursued his self-imposed task as pressman and compositor, and, after thirteen years of such toil as the mind can hardly realize, brought his extraordinary undertaking to a conclusion. The industrious youth had grown into the resolute man, and

the same energy that had constructed the little mill completed the gigantic task of printing fourteen copies of a book, in twenty-six volumes 8vo, each of five hundred pages. He afterwards bound them with his own hand, and deposited a copy at the principal public libraries.

Our readers know what Macaulay accomplished, as historian, essayist, statesman, orator, His knowledge was apparently inexand poet. haustible, and descended to the minutest details of the most trivial subjects. He was a multifarious reader; a hard and energetic student. In his youth he had formed the habit of studious application, and he retained it to his latest manhood. As a boy he was a complete helluo librorum—a glutton of books; only, what he read he digested and methodically stored up in his retentive memory for future use. His chief relaxation was penning and reciting verses. Hannah More calls him "a jewel of a boy," who joined "a lively yet tractable temper" to "a fine capacity." At twelve he was placed under the care of a clergyman named Preston, and soon dived deeply into the Castalian waters of classic literature. At eighteen he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he read perseveringly—distinguished himself as an orator at the famous Union Club, and twice carried off the Chancellor's Medal for the best English poem. Such was the youth of the illustrious historian, who has invested the historic page with a splendour of interest and a brilliancy of colouring previously unknown, or, at least, conceived to be impossible.

The manhood of Canova, in like manner fulfilled the promise of his early years. The great Italian sculptor-no unworthy rival of the artists of antiquity-was the son of a village stone-cutter, who died while he was yet an He was then placed with his grandinfant. father, Pasino, who was also a stone-cutter, but a man of industry and considerable intelligence. While still in his childhood, Canova learned the elements of drawing, and devoted every leisure moment to the modelling of small images in clay, while, as a relaxation, he listened to the stories. songs, and ballads recited by his grandfather. So early as his ninth year, Pasino employed him in his shop as a regular workman. he was twelve, his industry, no less than his evident ability, attracted the attention of a Venetian gentleman, named Falieri, who placed him in the studio of Guiseppe Toretto, an artist



THE SCULPTOR'S STUDIO.
"Judge of Toretto's surprise when he beheld his pupil's work."—Page 104.

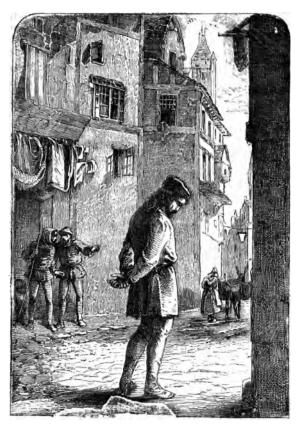
of eminence, for instruction in the rudiments of sculpture. Here he learned much more than he was intended to acquire, and after a few months' experience, took advantage one day of his master's absence to fashion models of two angels in clay. Judge of Toretto's surprise when, on-his return, he beheld his pupil's work, and recognised upon it the indisputable merit-stamp of Genius!

Canova, in his sixteenth year, still befriended by the generous Falieri, betook himself to Venice, where he laboured assiduously to perfect himself Not to be dependent on his patron, as an artist. he sold his services every afternoon to a sculptor, for a scanty pittance which just found him bread. His mornings he gave to study in the academy or art-galleries, and his evenings he devoted to the acquisition of general knowledge. His first workshop was a small ground cell in an Augustinian monastery. He occupied it four years. His commissions were few, and of no great importance, but he worked assiduously and made rapid progress in his art. He refused to copy the labours of other sculptors, but resorted to Nature, the primal source of all true inspiration. He investigated the principles of anatomy, and closely observed the movements of the living

figure. He lived only for his art. It was his rule never to pass a day without achieving a step in advance; never to retire to rest until he had imagined and perfected some design. He studied poetry, antiquities, history, the classics, and French, and Spanish; so that his mind was enriched and his imagination stimulated by the purest fancies of the serenest intellects. It was by labour, thus earnest and thus wisely methodized, that the stone-cutter's son attained a deathless renown.

An essayist in a popular periodical recently put forward some pregnant remarks on the ends of life; on the objects for which men should live and toil; on the definite purpose that should inspire their studious youth, and direct the efforts of their maturer years. Why do we spend our days and nights in study? Why do we give up to continual labour the bright sunny hours of our too brief spring? This is a question my readers will do well to ask themselves. For what end do they work? What is the motive that inspires them? To what goal are they directing their steps? I have no sympathy with the man whose only ambition is to secure "a respectable position,"—who leaves out of sight the grand excellence of knowledge,—and disregards the sublime virtues of self-denial, patience, and resolution. It is "the struggle" that ennobles us, and not "the prize." He who thinks only of the prize will probably fail in the struggle, for, animated by no elevating motive, his heart will yield before the obstacles that Fortune throws in the athlete's path. It is the heroic effort for which I reserve my admiration, and when I recognise that it has been or is being made, I do not wait for its failure or success; if the crown were mine, I would at once bestow it on the courageous worker.

"You have heard," says the writer I refer to, "of Bernard Palissy, the Huguenot potter. You know of his struggles for many, many years of poverty and sorrow to discover the enamel. You know he made furnace-fuel of the chairs, the tables, the house-flooring. Domestic trouble did not stop him; his children died (six of them); his wife complained and scolded; the neighbours abused him. His trade he pursued only by fits and starts, when the needs of the home compelled him; he sweated at the furnace till the garters used to slide off his dwindled legs. All men condemned him, and tried to ke him give up. It is the way of the world,



GENIUS UNRECOGNISED BY THE WORLD.
"I slipped with bowed head through the streets, like a man put to shame."—Page 1883.

you know! But, in spite of what people say with their tongues, in spite of the gossip of society, men and women cannot help having, at the bottom of their souls, a little spark of sympathy with heroic effort. The meanest of them may be, at times, quickened into a suspicion that there is more in the case than they quite Whatever wrong there was in the noble persistence of Job, the wrath of God was kindled. not against him, but against the friends who had misunderstood and slandered him, as well as impeached, by the implications of their blunders, the whole spirit of the Divine policy. Human beings mostly stop at talk in cases of unintelligible heroism-and Palissy went on with his furnace-work. 'My credit was taken from me, and I was regarded as a madman. Under these scandals I pined away, and slipped with bowed head through the streets, like a man put to shame. I was in debt in several places, and had two children at nurse, unable to Men said, "It is right for him pay the nurses. to die of hunger, seeing he left off following his trade." But when I had dwelt with my regrets a little, because there was no one who had pity upon me, I said to my soul, "Wherefore art thou saddened! Labour now, and the defamers will

live to be ashamed."'.... Yes, you all know that marvellous story, and how, at the last, Palissy won, and the defamers were at last silenced by the successes in which the struggle ended."

Palissy found the enamel, and the enamel secured him fame and fortune. But it was not for the fame and fortune that Palissy had striven; his object had been the enamel; that is, the crown and completion of his work; and in his labours he had tasted the exquisite enjoyment of deserving success. His "End of Life" was no sham respectability—no stately mansion and retinue of lackeys-but to win the secrets of Science by resolute and persistent study. An heroic youth was crowned by an heroic manhood. For Palissy the Potter, though not a hero after the world's pattern, was a hero in the sight of God and the angels. He was sincere and earnest in his life-work; he saw the end to be accomplished by "the passionate patience of genius." Success, he knew, was in the will of One who is mighty to build up and to cast down; but towards the End he at least could resolutely march with soul never weary. And such a man, be he peasant or middle-class Philistine, is to my mind a Hero.

Studious was the youth and learned the manhood of a very different man from Palissy-John Knox, the Scottish Reformer; but Knox, too, saw from the first the End of Life, and resolutely laboured to achieve it. He was the son of poor parents; received a college education; studied deeply and widely; became a priest; soon wearied of the falsehoods of Poperv. and gave himself up, heart and soul, to the principles of the Reformation. Thinking, believing, hoping, he went on his way in all calmness and peace; and it was thus his life was spent, or spent itself, until he had reached the age of forty. When, one day, in the Reformers' Chapel, the preacher said suddenly, That there ought to be other speakers—that all men who had a priest's heart and gift in them ought now to speak-which gifts and heart one of their own number-says Carlyle, John Knox by name-had; had he not? said the preacher, appealing to all the audience. What then is his duty? "The people answered affirmatively; it was a criminal forsaking of his post, if such a man held the word that was in him silent. Poor Knox was obliged to stand up; he attempted to reply; he could say no word; burst into a flood of tears, and ran out. It is worth remembering that scene. He was in grievous trouble for some days. He felt what a small faculty was his for this great work. He felt what a baptism he was called to be baptized withal. He 'burst into tears.'"

In what manner thenceforward he did his work, history tells us; and not only history, but the present time, for the influences of his life and character are still active in our fatherland, for good and ill, but mostly for good. His earnest manhood was the natural development of a grave and earnest youth, and obscurely as he passed his forty years, those elements of character which made him the Apostle of the Scottish Reformation were as visible in him then, as in the days when he rebuked a queen, and inspired a people.

One more example let me give of a youth inspired by a passionate love of knowledge—of a manhood which recognised in knowledge life's chiefest good. The Prince of Mirandola was born in 1463. In his early years he manifested an intense devotion to study, and became a prodigy of learning. It has been said—though the story bears evident marks of exaggeration—that by the time he had reached his eighteenth year, he had made himself master of two and twenty

languages. It is certain that at the University of Bologna, which he entered at the age of four-teen, he greatly distinguished himself by his extraordinary capacity, and by habits of industrious application almost equally extraordinary.

In accordance with this early promise was the fruition of his maturer years. At the age of twenty-three he wrote to a friend: "I have, by assiduous and intense application, attained to the knowledge of the Hebrew and Chaldaic languages, and am at present struggling with the difficulties of the Arabic." To his nephew he says: "This was the reason why I have not yet answered your letter. Certain Hebrew books have fallen into my hands, on which I have spent the whole week, day and night, with such diligence that they have almost made me blind. For the person who brought them to me, a Jew from Sicily, is to leave this in twenty To the hour of his death his passion for knowledge remained unabated. In him, as in others, the Boy made the Man; and the lettered manhood of Mirandola appropriately followed his studious youth. First, the blade; then the ear; and last, the ripe corn in the ear.

What more need I say? Apply thy youth to study, and let thy study be so directed as to

secure the end of a noble life. It matters not if thy labour obtain no immediate results, for whether growing richer or not, thou wilt be growing a wiser man, which I take to be far better.

While dwelling upon the advantages of studious application in youth, let me impress upon my young readers the value of method. The difference between the man of capacity and of no capacity is mainly a question of method of orderly and systematic arrangement of the information gained by intelligent labour. ridge remarks that the peculiar distinction of a man of education consists in this: the unpremeditated and evidently habitual arrangement of his words, grounded on the habit of foreseeing, in each integral part, or (more plainly) in every sentence, the whole that he then intends This method in his words to communicate. springs from the method and orderliness of his thoughts; and the man of methodical thought will also be a man of methodical life.

I speak here, however, of method as employed in the formation of the understanding and in the construction of science and literature. It would indeed be unnecessary to attempt any proof of its importance in our domestic or busi-

ness relations. In the peasant's cottage or the artisan's workshop, as in the palace or the chemist's laboratory, the first merit, and one which admits neither substitute nor equivalent, is, that everything should be in its place. "When this charm is wanting," says Coleridge, "every other merit either loses its name or becomes an additional ground of accusation and regret. Of one by whom it is eminently possessed we say, proverbially, he is like clockwork. The resemblance extends beyond the point of regularity, and yet falls short of the truth. Both do, indeed, at once divide and announce the silent and otherwise indistinguishable lapse of time. But the man of methodical industry and honourable pursuits does more; he realizes its ideal divisions, and gives a character and individuality to its moments. If the idle are described as killing time, he may be justly said to call it into life and moral being, while he makes it the distinct object not only of the consciousness, but of the He organizes the hours, and gives conscience. them a soul; and that, the very essence of which is to fleet away, and evermore to have been, he takes up into his own permanence, and communicates to it the imperishableness of a tual nature. Of the good and faithful

servant whose energies, thus directed, are thus methodized, it is less truly affirmed that he lives in time than that time lives in him. His days, months, and years, as the stops and punctual marks in the records of duties performed, will survive the wreck of worlds, and remain extant when Time itself shall be no more."

With one more quotation I close this desultory It is from Archbishop Tillotson, and chapter. designed to enforce upon each of us the need and advantage of being diligent in our calling, of striving with resolute persistence after the ends of life. "It is a great mistake," he says, "to think any man is without a calling, and that God does not expect that every one of us should employ himself in doing good in one kind or Those who are in a low and private other. condition can only shine to a few, but they that are advanced a great height above others may, like the heavenly bodies, dispense a general light and influence, and scatter happiness and blessings among all that are below them. let no man, of what birth, rank, or quality soever, think it beneath him to serve God, and to be useful to the benefit and advantage of men."



IV.

Examples of Courage, Enterprise, and the Manly Virtues.

He holds no parley with unmanly fears;
When duty bids, he confidently steers;
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
And, trusting in his God, surmounts them all.

COWPER.

"He dares much, And to that dauntless temper of his mind, He has a wisdom that still guides his valour To act in safety."

SHARSPEARR.

OURAGE is a term of very general application, and yet, in common use, it is too often restricted to that con-

tempt of physical danger which animates the soldier to seek the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth. I shall understand it in a wider sense, and mean by it that high moral virtue which inspires us to dare all and suffer all when conscious that we are in the right.

This is sometimes called moral courage, and I confess that I know of no quality that more

adorns a man,—that is, more valuable, or less common. The fear of "What will Mrs. Grundy say? What will the world think?" too often paralyzes our arms when raised to strike down a falsehood or a calumny. The fear of "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" is often fatal to men of talent who have not sufficient self-reliance or self-assertion to hold their own among a striving, pushing, and boastful crowd.

"On their own merits modest men are dumb,"

but modesty may degenerate into a cowardly fear of the world's censure. I agree with Sidney Smith that a great deal of talent is lost for want of a little courage. Every day, he says, sends to their graves a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort; and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. "The fact is," continues our witty moralist, "that to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand back shivering and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances. It did very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success afterwards; but at present a man waits, and doubts, and consults his brother and his particular friends, till one fine day he finds that he is sixty years of age—that he has lost so much time in consulting his first cousins and particular friends, that he has no more time to follow their advice!"

In the following pages I intend to bring together some illustrations of courage, resolution, and heroic daring, in confirmation of the leading thesis of this little book—that as is our youth so is our manhood, that the Boy makes the Man.

Every one knows the anecdotes of Nelson's early heroism. When a mere child, he strayed a birds'-nesting from his grandmother's home in company with a cow-boy. The dinner hour elapsed; he was absent, and could not be found; and the alarm of the family became intense, for they feared he might have been carried off by the gipsies. At length, after a rigorous search, he was discovered alone, sitting comsedly by the side of a brook which he could

not cross. "I wonder, child," said the old lady when she saw him, "that hunger and fear did not drive you home." "Fear, grandmamma," replied the future hero, "I never saw fear: what is it?" Once, after the winter-holidays, when he and his brother William had set off on horseback to return to school, they were driven back by a heavy snow-fall, and William, who did not relish the journey, said it was too deep for them to venture. "If that be the case," said their father, "you certainly shall not go; but make another attempt, and I will leave it to your honour. If the road is really dangerous, you may return; but remember, boys, I leave it to your honour!" The snow was deep enough to have afforded them a reasonable excuse, but Horatio could not be prevailed upon to return. "We must go on,' said he, "brother, remember it was left to our honour!"

In the schoolmaster's garden grew and ripened some pears of a superior kind, which were in the highest degree inviting, and by the boys regarded as lawful booty. Yet even the boldest among them were afraid to snatch the prize. Horatio volunteered upon the desperate service: his schoolmates lowered him from the bedroom.

window by some sheets; he plundered the trees; was drawn up, loaded with fruit, and then distributed it among his schoolfellows, without reserving any for himself. "I only took them," said he, "because every other boy was afraid."

Having accompanied Captain Phipps in his expedition to the North Pole, he and a comrade on one occasion were missing from their ship. which at the time lay embedded among the ice-floes. They started over the ice in pursuit of a bear. A thick fog came on, and the captain and his officers grew alarmed for the safety of the truants. Between three and four in the morning the weather cleared, and the two adventurers could be discerned, at a considerable distance from the ship, attacking a huge bear. A recall-signal was immediately hoisted. Nelson's comrade besought him to obey it, but in vain; his musket had flashed in the pan, their ammunition was expended, and a chasm in the ice, which divided him from the bear, probably preserved his life. "Never mind." he cried; "do but let me get a blow at this brute with the butt-end of my musket, and we shall have him." The captain, however, seeing their danger, fired a gun from the ship, which had the effect of frightening the bear; and Nelson then returned, somewhat doubtful of the reception that would be accorded to him. He was severely reprimanded for his breach of discipline, and his commander then inquired what motive he could have for hunting a bear. "Sir," said he, pouting his lip, as he was wont to do when agitated, "I wished to kill the beast that I might carry home his skin to my father."

Nelson's own words afford the best commentary on his career: "Thus," he says, "may be exemplified by my life that perseverance in any profession will most probably meet its reward. Without having any inheritance, or been fortunate in prize-money, I have received all the honours of my profession, been created a peer of Great Britain; and I may say to the reader, Go thou and do likewise."

One of the most illustrious of the many illustrious men whom Great Britain has sent forth to govern her Indian possessions was Warren Hastings. His life, as told by Macaulay, reads like the gorgeous fiction of a romancist rather than the story of a quiet English statesman, so startling are its incidents, so deep its shadows, and so vivid its contrasts. Enough for us, however, to point out those particulars in which the boy made the man, in which the village-

schoolboy of Daylesford shadowed forth the great Indian viceroy, who built up by his genius a mighty empire. In youth, as in manhood, he displayed the same fixedness of purpose, the same steadiness of will, the same "equal temper of heroic hearts," which regarded the smiles of Fortune or her frowns with a cold and calm indifference. His family had long held possession of Daylesford, and its traditions had a peculiar charm for his imagination. He loved to hear stories of the wealth and splendour of his ancestors, of their magnificent housekeeping, their loyalty, and their valour. bright summer day," says Lord Macaulay, "the boy, then just seven years old, lay on the bank of the rivulet which flows through the old domain of his house to join the Isis. There, as threescore and ten years later he told the tale, rose in his mind a scheme which, through all the time of his eventful career, was never abandoned. He would recover the estate which had belonged to his fathers. He would be Hastings of Daylesford. This purpose, formed in infancy and poverty, grew stronger as his intellect expanded and as his fortune rose. He pursued his plan with that calm but indomitable force of will which was the most striking

peculiarity of his character. When, under a tropical sun, he ruled fifty millions of Asiatics, his hopes, amidst all the cares of war, finance, and legislation, still pointed to Daylesford. And when his long public life, so singularly chequered with good and evil, with glory and obloquy, had at length closed for ever, it was to Daylesford that he retired to die."

This force of will is a distinctive quality of genius, but it is as essential to the good man as to the great man, to the philanthropist as to the soldier, to the man of letters as to the man of business. Without it we are rudderless ships, tossed about by every wind of passionshuttlecocks which Circumstance bandies to and fro at its pleasure. It is the mental qualification which Horace notes as characteristic of a successful statesman—tenax propositi; it is the quality which secured fame for an Alexander the Great, and immortal renown for "Whatever you wish, that John Howard. you are; for such is the force of our will, joined to the Divine, that whatever we wish to be, seriously, and with a true intention, that we become." Without a determined will, moral courage cannot exist; and of mere physical courage we say nothing, for after all it is but the virtue of the beasts. Physical courage may animate the rank and file to rush on a line of glittering bayonets, but it is moral courage that enables a Wellington to win a Waterloo. It is that "force of will" which inspires and directs every true heroic life.

There are few more striking examples of the truth of our oft-repeated adage than the late Sir Charles James Napier, the conqueror of Scinde, the hero of half a hundred battles—a man scarcely less distinguished for his political sagacity than his military genius; and, whether as soldier or administrator, remarkable for his decision of character, fixity of purpose, untiring energy, and brilliant courage. He was made of the stuff of which heroes are made, and resembled in many respects the Paladins of the old chivalrous song. As a child, says his biographer, he was demure and thoughtful, and his expressions generally had a touch of greatness. Thus, when only ten years old, he rejoiced to find he was short-sighted, because a portrait of Frederick the Great suspended in his father's room had strange eyes; and because Plutarch said Philip, Sertorius, and Hannibal were one-eyed, and Alexander's eyes of different colours. He even wished to lose one of his

own, as the token of a great general; unknowing then that none of God's gifts can be lost "But a longing for fame with satisfaction. was with him a master-passion, and in his childhood he looked to war for it with an intense eagerness. Yet nothing savage ever entered his mind,—his compassionate sensibility was that of a girl; it was displayed early, and When he could but just continued till death. speak, hearing the caw of a single crow, probably a melancholy one which infancy could detect, he stretched forth his little hands, and weeping exclaimed, with broken infantine accents, 'What matter, poor bird? what matter?' And only by repeated assurances that the bird was not unhappy, could he be pacified."

He displayed his inflexible resolution at a very early age. A wandering showman, a wild-looking, ogre-like creature, short of stature but huge of limb, semi-nude, with thick-matted red hair and beard, and a voice loud as Stentor's, was exhibiting his feats of skill and strength on the esplanade at Castletown. A crowd of people having gathered, the man, balancing a ladder on his chin, invited some of the bystanders to mount to the summit; but none consented. Charles Napier, then six years old.

was asked by his father if he would venture. The brave boy immediately said, "Yes," and was borne aloft to the sound of enthusiastic cheers.

Again, at ten years of age, having caught a fish when angling, the boy was surprised by the sudden swoop of a half-tamed eagle of great size and fierceness, which, whirling down from a tree, settled upon his shoulders, covered him with its huge dark wings, and snatched the fish from his hands. He showed no fear, however, but on catching another fish held it up, inviting the eagle to try again, and at the same time menacing the formidable bird with the spearend of the rod. Plutarch, says Sir William Napier—who has written in eloquent language the biography of his gallant brother-would have drawn an omen from so singular an event.

In the vicinity of the school at Albridge, where he was educated, existed another academy, called St. Wulstans, of higher pretensions as to learning and gentility, and essentially Protestant, as that of Albridge was Roman Catholic. It was situated in a noble park, which the Liffey bounded on one side, and a high wall, overhanging the main road, on all others. Charles Napier, faithful to his military instincts, had

organized his schoolfellows into a volunteer corps, with uniforms, drums, colours, and wooden muskets-a well-equipped military force, of which he took the supreme command. ing to test their prowess and prove their discipline, he mounted one evening his little Arabian mare, and led them forth on a marching ex-As they passed St. Wulstans, the pedition. boys of that academy swarmed to the top of the wall, mocked the Albridge volunteers with disparaging innuendos, and finally, from their post of vantage, hurled upon them a storm of The volunteers wanted to scale the stones wall, but their young commander forbade them to break the ranks, and composedly continued the march amidst volleys of dirt. Soon the road crossed the great gates of the park, which were suddenly flung open, and a crowd of the irregulars rushed out, on martial deeds intent. The volunteers faced to the right with levelled bayonets, and a serious contest might have ensued-for on both sides were lads of eighteen and nineteen years of age—but now Charles Napier displayed his imperturbable temper. Riding between the two bodies, he reminded his soldiers that it was cowardly to charge an unarmed mob, and ordered them to resume the column of march. This was effectual, the levelled bayonet having made a great impression on the St. Wulstans irregulars.

At another time two of the volunteers-one of them being the captain's own brother—being insubordinate under arms, were by his orders seized, tried by a drum-head court-martial, and sentenced. As the brother refused to submit to punishment, the commander, with Brutusordered that he should be sternness. drummed out of the corps. This was instantly done, but in a disorderly manner, and with much jarring and hooting, so that the offender, tormented beyond endurance, suddenly whirled a large bag of marbles like a sling, cast them into the crowd, and then charging, broke the drum, and forced one conspicuous bully to single combat: the fight was not interrupted, but the lad was overmatched, and so severely "punished" that the bystanders withdrew him, and, as he still refused to yield, generously restored him to the ranks. During these stirring proceedings Napier had maintained the dignity of command unmoved; but at home, in the evening, he anxiously sought to soothe his brother's wounded feelings, offering him all his t cherished possessions.

This was an epitome, as his biographer remarks, of his whole life: stern in duty, compassionate in feeling, generous in temper, in all things unselfish. The control thus exercised over his schoolfellows cannot be regarded as an ordinary matter. Many of them verged on manhood, all were precocious in thought and passion, and, like most boys, were ready to act without reflection, and at the dictate of impulse.

The following incident is related in Napier's own graphic words:—

"When seventeen I broke my right leg. the instant there was no pain, but looking down I saw my foot under my knee, and the bones protruding; that turned me sick, and the pain became violent. My gun, a gift from my dear father, was in a ditch, leaping over which had caused the accident; I scrambled near enough to get it out, but this lacerated the flesh, and produced much extravasated George came to me; he was greatly alarmed, for I was very pale, and we were both young, he but fifteen. Then came Captain Crawford of the Irish Artillery, and I made him hold my foot while I pulled up my knee, and in that manner set my leg myself. The quantity of extravasated blood led the doctors to tell me

my leg must come off, but they gave me another day for a chance. Being young, and vain of good legs, the idea of hop and go one, with a timber toe, made me resolve to put myself to death rather than submit to amputation, and I sent the maid out for laudanum, which I hid under my pillow. Luckily the doctors found me better, and so saved me from a contemptible [let us add, a criminal] action. Perhaps, if it had come to the point, I might have had more sense and less courage than I gave myself credit for in the horror of my first thoughts; indeed my agony was great, and strong doses of the laudanum were necessary to keep down the terrible spasms which fractures of large bones produce.

"The doctors set my leg crooked, and at the end of a month, when standing up, my feet would not go together: one leg went in pleasant harmony with the other half-way between knee and ankle, but then flew off in a huff, at a tangent. This made me very unhappy; and the doctors said if I would bear the pain they would break it again, or bend it straight. My answer was, 'I will bear anything but a crooked leg.' However, they gave me one night for consideration.

"The night passed with many a queer feel, about the doctors coming like imps to torture me. 'Be quick,' quoth I as they entered; 'make the most of my courage while it lasts.' It took all that day and part of next to bend the leg with bandages, which were tied to a wooden bar, and tightened every hour day and night. I fainted several times; and when the two tormentors arrived next day, after breakfast, struck my flag, saying, 'Take away your bandages, for I can bear no more.' They were taken off, and I felt in heaven. Not the less so that the leg was straight."

If we trace this brave soldier's career a little further, we meet with fresh instances of the vigour of his character. He was a man who would not bow even to Fate; of that order of mortals who make Fate their willing slave. His contempt for danger and scorn of pain were heroic; far more heroic than the impassability of the North American Indian when tortured by his victorious enemies, because they sprang from no feeling of pride, but from a lofty sense of duty. Let us see what he underwent at the battle of Corunna.

It was near the close of that memorable day. Napier had received one wound—a musketball having broken the small bone of his leg some inches above the ankle—and, followed by four of his men, was endeavouring to make his way back to the British lines, when intercepted by a small body of the French.

"The Frenchmen," he says, "had halted, but now ran on to us, and just as I shouted and sprang to meet them, the wounded leg failed, and I felt a stab in the back: it gave me no pain, but felt cold, and threw me on my face. Turning to rise, I saw the man who had stabbed me making a second thrust; whereupon, letting go my sabre, I caught his bayonet by the socket, turned the thrust, and raising myself by the exertion, grasped his firelock with both hands, thus in mortal struggle regaining my His companions had now come up, and I heard the dying cries of the four men with me, who were all bayoneted instantly. had been attacked from behind, by men not before seen, as we stood with our backs to a doorway, out of which must have rushed several men, for we were all stabbed in an instant, before the two parties coming up the road reached us: they did so, however, just as my struggle with the man who had wounded me was begun. at was a contest for life, and being the

strongest, I forced him between myself and his comrades, who appeared to be the men whose lives I had formerly saved when they pretended to be dead on our advance through the village. They struck me with their muskets clubbed, and bruised me much; whereupon, seeing no help near, and being overpowered by numbers, and in great pain from my wounded leg, I called out, 'Je me rend!' remembering the expression correctly from an old story of a fat officer, whose name being James, called out, 'Jemmy Round.' Finding they had no disposition to spare me, I kept hold of the musket, vigorously defending myself with the body of the little Italian who had first wounded me. but soon grew faint, or rather tired. At that moment a tall dark man came up, seized the end of the musket with his left hand, whirled his brass-hilted sabre round, and struck me a powerful blow on the head, which was bare, for my cocked hat had fallen off."

Expecting the blow would kill him, Napier had lowered his head in the hope it might chance to fall on his back, or, at least, on the thickest part of the head, and not on the left temple; and so it happened. The crash, however, smote fire from his eyes, and he fell on his knees,

blinded, yet without quite losing his senses, and still clinging to the musket. Recovering himself in a moment, he again leapt to his feet, and saw a florid, handsome young French drummer holding the arm of the dark Italian, who was in the act of repeating his blow. Napier now obtained quarter, but was plundered of everything about him. The drummer, who was named Guibert, ordered the Italian to take him "When we began to move," says to the rear. Napier, "I resting on him because hardly able to walk, I saw him look back over his shoulder to see if Guibert was gone; and so did I, for his rascally face made me suspect him. Guibert's back was towards us—he was walking off—and the Italian again drew his sword, which he had before sheathed. I called out to the drummer: 'This rascal is going to kill me! brave Frenchmen don't kill prisoners.' Guibert ran back, swore furiously at the Italian, shoved him away, almost down, and putting his arm round my waist, supported me himself. Thus this generous Frenchman saved me twice, for the Italian was bent upon slaying.

"We had not proceeded far up the old lane when we met a soldier of the 50th walking down at a rapid pace; he instantly halted, re-

covered his arms and cocked his piece, looking fiercely at us to make out what it was. recollection is that he levelled at Guibert, and I threw up his musket, calling out, 'For Heaven's sake don't fire, I am a prisoner, badly wounded, and can't help you—surrender!' 'For why would I surrender?' he cried aloud, with the deepest of all Irish brogues. 'Because there are at least twenty men upon you,'-there were five or six with us at the time. 'Well, if I must surrender, there!' said he, dashing down his firelock across their legs, and making them jump, 'there's my firelock for yez.' coming close up he threw his arms round me, and giving Guibert a push that sent him and one or two more reeling against the wall, shouted out: 'Stand away, ye spalpeens! I'll carry him myself, bad luck to the whole of yez!""

And so the prisoners went on their way to the French camp. Napier was soon afterwards exchanged; but neither wounds nor imprisonment could daunt his ardent spirit. He continued to serve with his regiment throughout the Peninsular war, and was foremost in every engagement.

Such was Napier at the outset of his career. Let us see him next when his fame was worldwide, and at the head of a British army he was marching victoriously in the track of the Macedonian hero. We shall find him displaying a courage as chivalrous, and a resolution as unconquerable, a fortitude as stern, and a daring as brilliant.

At the battle of Meeanee he had but 2000 men against 36,000 admirable soldiers—the veterans of Scinde-men inspired by fanaticism, love of country, and hatred of the aggressive Feringhees. But his genius took no count of numbers, and he led his troops against their powerful enemies, encouraging them, when for a moment they wavered, by his personal example, and riding carelessly into the very whirl and tumult of the fight. The Beloochees fought with desperate courage, but after a struggle which rolled to and fro with varying fortune for three hours and a half, they were defeated with the most terrible slaughter, not less than six thousand of their choicest soldiers "cumbering" The killed and wounded of the the field. British forces amounted to only two hundred and seventy. Hyderabad, the capital of Scinde, immediately surrendered to the conqueror, and the whole territory was shortly afterwards annexed to our Indian Empire.

But perhaps a still more characteristic exploit was his capture of the famous stronghold of Situated in the midst of a dreary Emaun Ghur. desert, it was believed to be inaccessible; and it afforded to every discontented spirit a secure asylum, from whence bands of marauders issued at their pleasure, to burn, kill, and destroy. Napier, however, determined to attack it. After a march of eight days through the wilderness —the last twenty-five miles in deep sand, over a regular succession of hills, and without a drop of water—at the head of only three hundred and fifty men, he arrived before the mysterious fortification to find it evacuated. The enemy had not dared to wait the attack of a man who evidently laughed at impossibilities. mediately set to work, mined and blew up Emaun Ghur, and retraced his march across the desert without the loss of a single man. This bold achievement was justly described by the Duke of Wellington as "one of the most curious military feats which he had ever known to be performed, or ever perused an account of in his life."

Such was Sir Charles Napier, the "hero of Scinde." "Great in strategy, chivalrous in courage, careful of the soldier's life and prodigal.

of his own, inflexible in physical endurance, untiring in industry, sagacious in government, beneficent in his aim, stern in his integrity, and strong in his affections, he presents a combination of which there are few such examples in the history of the world."

Let us turn to a man whose world career was very different, but whose resolution was not less, and his moral intrepidity equally remarkable—Dr. Arnold, the Roman historian, and the successful head-master for many years of famous Rugby School. He, too, was a striking illustration of the saying that the Boy makes the Man.

It is curious, says his biographer, Dean Stanley, to trace the beginnings of some of his later interests in his earliest amusements and occupations. "He never lost the recollection of the impression produced upon him by the excitement of naval and military affairs, of which he naturally saw and heard much by living at the Isle of Wight in the time of the war against Napoleon; and the sports in which he took most pleasure with the few playmates of his childhood were in sailing rival fleets in his father's garden, or acting the battles of the Homeric heroes with whatever implements he

could use as spear and shield, and reciting their several speeches from Pope's translation of the Iliad. He was from his earliest years exceedingly fond of ballad poetry, which his Winchester schoolfellows used to learn from his repetition before they had seen it in print; and his own compositions as a boy all ran in the same A play of this kind, in which his direction. schoolfellows were introduced as the dramatis personæ, and a long poem of 'Simon de Montfort,' in imitation of Scott's 'Marmion,' procured for him at school, by way of distinction from another boy of the same name, the appellation And the earliest specimen of of Poet Arnold. his composition which has been preserved is a little tragedy, written before he was seven years old, on 'Percy, Earl of Northumberland,' suggested apparently by Home's play of 'Douglas,'"

But he was most distinguished by his partiality for those studies—history and geography—which in after life mainly occupied his attention. His remarkable powers of memory, extending to the exact state of the weather on particular days, or the exact words and position of passages which he had not seen for twenty years, showed itself very early, and chiefly on these subjects. One of the text re-

collections which he retained of his father was, that he received from him at three years old a present of Smollett's 'History of England,' as a reward for the accuracy with which he had gone through the stories connected with the portraits and pictures of the successive reigns. And at the same age he used to sit at his aunt's table arranging his geographical cards, and recognising by their shape at a glance the different counties of the dissected map of England.

In like manner the earnest piety, the mental composure, and the unwavering devotion to truth and duty which characterized his later years, were conspicuous in his early life.

His manhood, says Justice Coleridge, had all the tastes and feelings of his youth, only more developed and better regulated. The same passion for the sea and shipping, and his favourite Isle of Wight; the same love for external nature; the same readiness in viewing the characteristic features of a country, and its marked positions, or the most beautiful points of a prospect, for all which he was remarkable in after life, were noticed in him when a student at Oxford.

At one time, indeed, his mind wavered in its religious opinions, and was perplexed by some

distressing doubts; but help and light were vouchsafed to him from above, and he passed through the valley of the shadow into the land of promise. Most earnest spirits, at some point or other of their career, undergo the same trial, and, with God's blessing, achieve the same victory. So Tennyson sings of the lamented Arthur Hallam:—

"Perplext in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out.
There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Belleve me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts and gathered strength, He would not make his judgment blind; He faced the spectres of the mind And laid them: thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own; And Power was with him in the night, Which makes the darkness and the light; And dwells not in the light alone,

But in the darkness and the cloud,—
As over Sinal's peaks of old,
While Israel made their gods of gold,
Although the trumpet blew so loud."

And now, to sum up the character of Dr. Arnold, Boy and Man, in the words of one who knew him well:—

"At the commencement of his university career, a boy,—and at the close retaining, not ungracefully, much of boyish spirits, frolic, and simplicity; in mind vigorous, active, clear-sighted, industrious, and daily accumulating and

assimilating treasures of knowledge; not averse to poetry, but delighting rather in dialectics, philosophy and history, with less of imagination than reasoning power; in argument bold almost to presumption, and vehement; in temper easily roused to indignation, yet more easily appeased, and entirely free from bitterness; fired, indeed, by what he deemed ungenerous or unjust to others, rather than by any sense of personal wrong; somewhat too little deferential to authority, yet without any real inconsistency; loving what was great and good in antiquity the more ardently and reverently because it was ancient; in heart devout and pure, simple, sincere, affectionate, and faithful."

Admiral Lord Exmouth was, in many respects, a remarkable man—a man of high courage, calm resolution, and indomitable character. His capture of the French frigate Cléopatre; his rescue of the shipwrecked crew and passengers of the Dutton; his ten hours' action with the Indefatigable; his prompt repression of a threatened mutiny on board his own frigate, at a time when the whole of the British navy was more or less tainted with disaffection; are episodes in our naval history which cannot be read without the liveliest interest and admiration.

The qualities which raised him to a peerage and entitled him to his country's gratitude were conspicuous in his earliest years. He was left an orphan when yet a child, and had but few friends or kinsmen to watch over his early struggles and protect him from rude collisions with the world. Thus accustomed from his boyhood to

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,"

he formed those habits of prompt action and independent thought which distinguished his later career. On one occasion a house containing a store of gunpowder caught fire, and a terrible explosion was every moment expected. While the crowd looked on in expectant horror, the boy-hero acted. He dashed headlong through the flames, and contrived, at no little hazard, to remove the dangerous combustibles.

When he was fourteen he went to sea. His guardians entered him as a midshipman on board the Juno frigate, under the command of a Captain Stott, a severe disciplinarian and arbitrary taskmaster, totally unfitted for the control of high-spirited and impetuous youth. On one occasion this tyrannical gentleman was so angered by an indiscretion on the part of a midshipman named Francis Cole—a boy about

twelve years of age—that he ordered him to quit the frigate, then off Marseilles; and bade a boat be got ready to convey him ashore. Pellew immediately declared that Cole should not go alone. "If you turn him out of the ship, sir, please to turn me out also." Captain Stott professed himself delighted to get rid of them both, and consented to Pellew's discharge. The two boys were therefore put ashore, and might have starved, penniless and friendless, in a foreign country, had not one of the lieutenants taken compassion upon them, and provided them with a supply of money.

The impetuous heroism and dauntless resolution of Lord Clive were clearly foreshadowed by his youthful exploits, which exhibited a surprising amount of daring. As early as his seventh year, his strong will and his fiery passions, sustained by a constitutional intrepidity which sometimes seemed hardly compatible with soundness of mind, had attracted the attention of his family. "Fighting," says one of his uncles, "to which he is out of measure addicted, gives his temper such a fierceness and imperiousness, that he flies out on every trifling occasion." One time he climbed to the summit of the lofty steeple of Market-Drayton, and

seated himself on a stone spout, to the terror of all who beheld him. He formed all the boys of the town into a kind of predatory banditti, and compelled the shopkeepers to purchase exemption from their attacks by paying a tribute of apples and halfpence. In such feats as these we recognise the daring of the future soldier-statesman, and also those ill-regulated passions which brought his successful career to a disastrous termination.

Among illustrious Indian soldiers, foremost stands General Neill; whose career was short, but not too short for his fame, and whose enterprise at the outbreak of the great mutiny helped to save the empire. A story is told of his childhood, which furnishes an admirable illustration of our thesis—the Boy makes the Man for it describes an exploit of a fearless and selfreliant character, eminently in harmony with the fearlessness and independence of his future He was not yet five years old when he absented himself one morning from home, and excited considerable alarm in his family by his disappearance. He had been absent many hours, when his father observed him walking leisurely homeward, across a long dangerous enbankment which penned in the waters of &

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loch in Ayrshire. His father went to meet him, and anxiously enquired: "Where have you been, Jamie?" "Well," replied the boy, "I just thought I'd like to take a long walk and look at all things as I went on, sir, and see whether I would get home by myself! And I have done it," he added proudly; "and now I am to have no more nursery-maids running after me—I can manage myself!" His father said that he was right, and withdrew him, from that day, from the surveillance of nurses. It was felt that Jamie might safely be left to look after himself.

The name of Neill reminds one of a kindred spirit—of another Indian hero, the gallant Nicholson—than whom, says Mr. Kaye, no man was more trusted in life, no man more lamented in death. His courage was not inferior to his gentleness; his honour was as bright as his sword; his spirit, with all its resolution and intrepidity, tender as a woman's. During one of his vacations, he was playing with gunpowder, when a large quantity of it exploded in his face, and blinded him. He covered his face with his hands, and running to his mother, exclaimed: "Mamma, the gunpowder has blown up in my face." On removing his hands, it was seen that his face

was a blackened mass; his eyes were completely closed, and the blood was streaming down his cheeks. "For ten days, during which he never murmured or expressed any concern except for his mother, he lay in a state of total darkness; but when at the end of that time the bandages were removed, it was found that God in his mercy had spared the sight of the boy, and preserved him to do great things."

So much for his resolute intrepidity; now for an instance of his gentle, loving nature. His mother had five sons to bring up on a slender and precarious income, and her anxieties respecting their future often depressed her spirits and clouded her countenance. On one of these occasions John would say, "Don't fret, mamma dear, when I'm a big man I'll make plenty of money, and I'll give it all to you." The promise was religiously fulfilled.

From Mr. Kaye's sketches of our Indian Heroes we shall borrow yet another illustration. In consolidating our power in India, and establishing our supremacy, Sir John Malcolm, both as soldier and diplomatist, rendered important services. He was distinguished by his generosity, valour, frankness, and determination,—qualities which secured him the love and

admiration of all who came in contact with him. As a boy he was prone to lively and mischievous tricks, so that his schoolmaster, when any wild pranks of mysterious origin had been committed, would exclaim: "Jock's at the bottom of it."

In his twelfth year he was sent up to the India House to pass the usual examination for a cadetship; though it was supposed that his youth would be a fatal objection. The directors were pleased by his juvenile appearance and good looks; and one of them said, "My little man, what would you do if you were to meet Hyder Ali?" "Do," said the boy, "why, sir, I would out with my sword, and cut off his head!" The directors immediately "passed" him.

Every reader knows the story of Napoleon Bonaparte's military pastimes at the Brienne School; how he loved to muster his companions in mimic martial array, and in the winter time, when the snow was deep, to raise fortifications with that unpromising material, which one party defended with heroic intrepidity, and another attacked with brilliant valour. Here is a pendant picture from the boyhood of Major Eldred Pottinger, one of the heroes of Cabul,



"He loved to muster his companions in mimic martial array."—Page 148.

whose glorious career was cut short by fever in his thirty-third year. He was very fond, as a boy, of playing with gunpowder; and once very nearly blew himself up, together with his brother His military instincts were developed John. at an early age, for nothing delighted him more in his play-hours than to throw up sham fortifications, and to enact little dramas of warlike attack and defence. One of these last, says our authority, had nearly a tragic termination; for having, in execution of some warlike project or other, heaped up a number of heavy stones on the edge of the garden wall, some of them fell upon and nearly killed an old man who was seated on the other side.

But though ever forward in active adventure, and animated by a spirit of restless enterprise, he was by no means an inapt or inattentive scholar, and pursued his studies with very praiseworthy success. It happened, however, that on one occasion, when in his fourteenth year, he disagreed with his tutor on some point of discipline or learning, and was threatened with personal chastisement. This the lad's high spirit could not brook, and he declared that if the menace were carried out, he would run away and seek his fortune in some distant place.

The time, indeed, had passed for home-teaching. All young Eldred's impulses urged him towards foreign travel and military adventure. He loved to peruse the records of great battles, and it is recorded that one of the books which fascinated him most was Drinkwater's "History of the Siege of Gibraltar." For such a mind only an active career could be of use, and Eldred Pottinger accordingly was sent to Addiscombe, preparatory to entering the Indian army.

A life of courage, enterprise, and the truest daring was that of William Scoresby, the Arctic whaler, and afterwards the energetic clergyman. Every page of his life is a record of the activity and resolution of a vigorous mind. His father was engaged in the Greenland fishery, and at a very early age the son showed a passionate inclination towards a seafaring career. All his dreams were of the sea; of its grandeur, sublimity, and marvellous beauty; of its lone, palm-fringed islands, whose sacred solitudes have never been disturbed by human foot; of its hungry breakers. ever ready to devour the storm-driven vessel; . of its broad leagues of flashing emerald, weltering in the unutterable glory of a tropic sun; of its alternations of terrible unrest, and of a repose scarcely less terrible; of its stern, abrupt,

and precipitous cliffs of rock, its long, low, sandy beaches, its floating masses of shining ice. "Let me be a sailor!" was his constant cry; "let me go down to the deep in ships, and gaze upon its wonders!" His parents trained his early youth with commendable care; he was taught to fear God, to respect the Sabbath, to love truth; and so great was his conscientiousness, that he could not understand how any mind could conceive a lie, or how a person could appropriate to himself aught that belonged, or might belong, to another.

His first voyage was made to Greenland, when he was ten years old. It was an act of his own strong will, and not designed by his father. He had gone abroad to look at his father's vessel, and return with the pilot; but he hid himself between decks, and when summoned made no reply. His father's voice, however, drew him from his concealment, when he pleaded so urgently for permission to remain, that his father could no longer refuse his consent, and the boy was duly rigged out as a sailor.

On his return he was sent to school again, and it was not until his sixteenth year that he regularly entered on a maritime life. He soon

rose to the rank of first officer, and employed such leisure as his duties permitted him in the study of mathematics and the acquisition of general knowledge. As a whaler he distinguished himself by his promptitude, courage, and perseverance—he was always foremost in the pursuit of the fish; while, as a student at the University of Edinburgh, when the whaling season was over, he showed equal tenacity of purpose and a like unconquerable resolution.

We cannot recapitulate all the events of his busy career. As the boy, so was the man. Always in quest of knowledge, always ready in the most sudden emergency, always foremost where danger was to be braved! In his voyages he sought every opportunity of accumulating information; and we owe to his welldirected industry and powers of observation a rich store of facts in reference to the phenomena of the Polar Seas. We may add, that the love of truth which had marked his early years coloured all his later life, and he searched the Scriptures daily. He prayed with his men, and he preached to them; he taught them by example as well as precept; he forbade all work on board his ships on Sundays; and those who

sailed with Scoresby learned many a lesson of wisdom and love and charity which could not fail to promote their future happiness.

Having acquired a moderate competence, he looked forward to an old age of tranquil enjoyment, when the death of a beloved wife determined him to assume a priest's responsibilities. He entered college, studied the classics with vigorous assiduity, passed his examinations successfully, and was ordained a minister of the Church of England in July, 1825, when he was thirty-six years old. At Exeter, and afterwards at Bradford, he laboured with equal zeal and honour. His health becoming impaired, he paid a visit to the United States, occupying himself on the voyage with scientific inquiries. object was to determine the height of the Atlantic waves. For this purpose he went on deck in the stormiest weather, and his apparently eccentric movements excited general surprise. For sometimes he stood on tiptoe on the paddle-box, sometimes he scrambled on the cuddy, sometimes he clung to the rigging; but his energy triumphed over every obstacle, and obtained the following results: that the height of the Atlantic waves is 43 feet; mean distance between each wave, 559 feet; width from crest

to crest, 600 feet; interval of time between each wave, 16 seconds; swiftness of each wave per hour, 32½ miles.

After a life of noble industry, Dr. William Scoresby died at Torquay, in Devonshire, on the 21st of March, 1857, aged sixty-eight.

Our last illustration of a courageous and energetic youth typifying a courageous and energetic manhood shall be borrowed from the career of the great physician, Dr. Marshall Hall.

He was the sixth of eight children. When about four years old, he suffered from a dangerous illness; but recovering, became a dutiful and loving boy, of whom his mother spoke as "never causing his parents any sorrow." He went to his father's accountant one day to propose the difficult query: "Is hell under the sea?" "Because if it is," he continued, "I have been thinking that if we bored some holes in the bottom of the sea, and let the water through, we might extinguish the fire!"

His love of reading amounted to a passion, his favourite volumes being those which have ever attracted the fancy of England's boys, which never grow old, and which can never be superseded,—the Pilgrim's Progress, Robinson Crusoe, and the thousand and one stories of the

Arabian Nights. He was very fond of reading the Scriptures, and of perusing the pages of God's other revelation—the Book of Nature, whose stars and flowers, whose running streams, and leafy groves, filled his young soul with inexpressible delight.

He was placed at an early age in an academy at Nottingham, and quickly won repute by his ardent devotion to his studies. But he was no pale-faced, spiritless pedant; he loved his books, but he also loved his playground sports; and his courage in the playground was not less conspicuous than his application in the schoolroom. The school, like every other assemblage of numbers, had its bully, whose hand was as heavy as his temper was brutal. Marshall Hall detected him in an act of cruel injustice; to the amazement of the boys, he challenged him; and to their unutterable delight, after a severe contest, thrashed him, although the bully had the advantage of age, stature, and strength.

Being placed with a chemist at Newark, he learned Latin and mastered the flute in his leisure hours; for whatever he undertook he carried through—he could not bear defeat. His ardent desire was to become a physician, and in 1809 he repaired to Edinburgh to

commence the necessary studies. With what enthusiasm, what vigour, what grasp of purpose he followed up his object, may be inferred from the daily routine he prescribed for himself:—

- "1. To spend two hours in the morning in dissection and in the study of operations.
- "2. Then two or three hours in the wards of the hospital, inquiring particularly into the history, symptoms, treatment, and effect of remedies on each patient, but especially making a particular study of diagnosis.
 - "3. The plan of studying diagnosis:-
- "(1.) The formation of a diagnostic arrangement for bringing together those diseases which, being most similar, are most apt to be continually mistaken; and,
- "(2.) The collection of diagnoses from every source of distinction, in the history, symptoms, causes, effects of remedies, &c., &c.
- "(3.) This plan embraces all diseases, medical, surgical, puerperal, &c.
- "4. To go through a course of study comprising chemistry, physiology, and materia medica, in as practical a manner as possible.
- "5. To study the Latin and French languages, reading Celsus, Heberden, and Gregory; Corvisart, Chardel, Pinel, Dessault, Bîchat, &c."

In the pursuits of his later life he adopted the same exactness of method; while so incessant was his application, that his fellow-students said of him, "Hall never tires,—Hall has discovered how to live without sleep." He rode swiftly, and when a friend wondered that with such reckless riding his horses never fell, he answered, "I never give them time to fall!"

Thus it was that Marshall Hall rose to fame and consideration as one of the ablest and skilfullest of London physicians, while his contributions to the art, and study, and perfection of medicine, exhibit all the energy of a bold and original mind.

What lesson, then, may our readers derive from the illustrations we have placed before them? That as is the boy so is the man; and that a courageous, resolute, and energetic manhood can only be secured by cultivating the manly virtues in our youth; whereupon it may be said of us, as George Wilson said of a friend:—

"Thou wert a daily lesson
Of courage, hope, and faith:

Thou wert so meek and reverent, So resolute of will; So bold to bear the uttermost, And yet so calm and still!"

Highly to be commended is that moral

courage which triumphs over the cares and anxieties of the world, over calumny and detraction, over want and poverty—the last one of the sorest ills which can beset the aspiring When contrasting the educational appliances of modern times with the lack of all utilities and the plenitude of miseries which hampered the scholars of the mediæval period, I am astonished that the latter could accomplish so much, and regard with reverent admiration the labours of those pioneers of knowledge. has been justly said that before the Reformation a school-in Germany, for instance-was rather a place of punishment than of education. was the worst house in the town; the walls and floors were filthy; wind, rain, and snow beat in through the doorways and unglazed window-spaces; the children were covered with vermin, and half-naked. There were few books. and the scholar had frequently to write out his The Latin was monkish and barbarous; the grammar no better; the teacher often worse than either. There was no system, but a scramble for learning, where the strongest came off best. A lad was often twenty before he understood his grammar, or could speak a word or two of such Latin as was then in vogue. The elder boys, or Bacchanten, tyrannized over the younger, or Schutzen --- an elaborate and cruel system of fagging. Bacchant would have three or four fags, who begged and stole for him, though they were sometimes so hungry themselves that they would fight with the dogs for a bone. Bacchant claimed all their earnings, and compelled them to give up even what had been bestowed on them for their own use. Singing salves and requiems; whimpering false stories to the tradesmen's wives; thieving, if there was a chance; sleeping in the winter on the schoolhearth, and in summer in the church-yard, 'like pigs in straw; 'assisting at mass; chanting the responsoria; frozen in the cold churches till they were crippled; trying to get by heart a clumsy Latin syntax; and wandering, vagabondlike, from school to school, would sum up the life of thousands."

A curious picture of scholastic life is presented by one Thomas Platter, a Swiss from the valley of the Wisp, who eventually became rector of the grammar school at Basle. "In Dresden," he says, "there was no good school; and the rooms for strange scholars were full of vermin, so that at night we heard them crawl in the straw." "The city of Breslau," he continues, "has seven parishes, and each has its school. No scholar of one parish dared sing in another; if he did, the cry of Ad idem, Ad idem, was raised, and the Schutzen assembled and fought." It is said there were at the time thousands of Bacchanten and Schutzen who all lived on alms; it is also said that some of the Bacchanten who were twenty or thirty years old, or more, had their Schutzen who supported them!

Yet, in spite of such difficulties as these, men arose who kept alight the torch of knowledge, and handed it down to a more fortunate generation; men whose heroism seems to me as worthy of our admiration as the courage of the knights or men-at-arms, their contemporaries, who rode gallantly into a "plump of spears," for love of fame or greed of conquest.

Turning once more from the man of letters to the man of action, we find in Cola di Rienzi, the last of the Roman tribunes, a notable example of youthful courage triumphing over apparently insuperable difficulties. Who among our readers but knows the story of his wondrous career? How he became—

[&]quot;Redeemer of dark centuries of shame— The friend of Petrarch—hope of Italy— Rienzi, last of Romans!"

Last, that is, of the "brave men of old," of the true masterful Romans, the iron-handed warriors who had brought within the circle of Roman supremacy almost all the known world. was born in a mean house in a mean street of the Eternal City, about 1310—his father an inn-keeper, his mother a Roman woman of Displaying extraordinary humble condition. talents at an early age, his parents gave him the best education they could afford or procure, so that from his youth upwards he was nourished. says one of his biographers, with the milk of eloquence, and became a good grammarian, a better rhetorician, and was well versed in the works of the true writers. From their pages his powerful imagination derived an extraordinary aliment. In the glowing records of Livy and Suetonius. Sallust and Tacitus, he found a magnificent picture of Olden Rome as she was under the Consulate-as she was under the Cæsars-when her legions shook Europe with their triumphal tread-and her eagles flew victorious, from the Indus to the Seine. was natural that his vivid fancy should contrast the past with the present, the Rome of Augustus with that of the Popes; the city of ruined relaces and shattered temples with the glorious

capital which had echoed to the clang of triumphing warriors and blazed with the splendour of imperial pomp. From regretting the past he turned to dreaming of the future. and a bold conception took possession of his brain; he determined to restore to Rome her liberty and her glory. He, the son of an innkeeper, aspired to rank in history with a Marius, a Sylla, a Julius, and an Augustus! And to this goal he pressed forward with dauntless resolution-never faltering, never doubting, never despairing-until the dream of the youth was realized by the man, and the shouts of the Roman multitude hailed him as their Deliverer and their Chief. I doubt whether the annals of historians record a more surprising instance of heroic enterprise. Thus it is that in all time the Boy makes the Man; and the inn-keeper's son gave full promise of the daring genius and inflexible will of Rienzi the Tribune.

Courage—that moral courage which would walk over burning ploughshares at the voice of duty—that unquenching intrepidity which, Antæus-like, derives fresh strength from its contact with difficulties—was a marked feature of Professor Wilson's character. His was a buoyant, resolute, vigorous, healthy nature,

which knew no such thing as fear, and was superior to the timid whisperings of doubt. Boy and man he was the same energetic and daring spirit; foremost in skirmish and in fight; like the Ulysses of the poet,—

"Strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

In all things his youth prefigured, as it were, his manhood; in his exultant love or Nature, in his passionate devotion to poetry, in his fervid capacity of study; even in his keen enjoyment of physical sports. Happy the boy who develops into such a man,-who trains both mind and body to emulate the nobler achievements of immortal Christopher North! How deep, how earnest was his sympathy with all the sights and sounds of this beautiful world! The still, lonely glen, haunted only by the mysterious shadows of the clouds and the strange voices of the struggling, foaming, restless brook; the keen mountain-tops, where in the calm summer night comes the serene presence of the stars, as of old to the worshipping Chaldean; the slumbering loch, folded in a close embrace by lofty heather-clad hills, which only suffer the winds to break through now and then, with a gust and a sough, to rouse their

darling; the wide, open moor, where the wayfarer crushes with elastic foot the balmy mosses, till he sends up all about him an odour like the breath of sweet music; the wimpling burn, whose waters yield to the persevering rod the choicest of the finny tribes; the rising mist of the morning, which, as it rolls up the valleys and winds about the higher lands, reveals to the admiring eye a landscape as fresh and beautiful as early love; the glowing influence of summer noon; the unutterable glories of purple sunsets; the winter snow, lying like the fearful stillness of death upon all the land; and the wondrous sea, which has a poetry, a mystery, and a sublimity of its own-which to every heart speaks, as it were, a different language, and yet to every heart tells one sublime and awful truth of the omnipotence of Him who bade its tides flow and its currents roll;—these were a joy and an inspiration to Wilson from his earliest days to his last linger-He revelled in these beauties of ing hours. exuberant nature as a boy; as a man they fired his imagination, they warmed his soul, they interpenetrated with a subtle sense of love and wonder his very being.

He draws a pleasant picture of one of his boyish escapades in his matchless Recreations:

"Once," he says, "it was feared that poor wee Kit was lost; for having set off all by himself at sunrise, to draw a night-line from the distant Black Loch, and look at a trap set for a glede, a mist overtook him on the moor on his homeward way, with an eel as long as himself hanging over his shoulder, and held him prisoner for many hours within its shifting walls, frail, indeed, and opposing no resistance to the hand, vet impenetrable to the feet of fear as the stone dungeon's thraldom. If the mist had remained. that would have been nothing—only a still, cold. wet seat on a stone; but as a trot becomes a gallop soon, in spite of curb and rein, so a Scotch mist becomes a shower—and a shower a flood—and a flood a storm—and a storm a tempest—and a tempest thunder and lightning -and thunder and lightning heavenquake and earthquake-till the heart of poor wee Kit quaked, and almost died within him in the In this age of confessions need we be ashamed to own, in the face of the whole world, that we sat us down and cried! The small brown moorland bird, as dry as a toast, hopped out of his heather hole, and cheerfully cheeped comfort. With crest just a thought lowered by the rain, the green-backed, white-breasted peasweep,

walked close by us in the mist; and, sight of wonder, that made, even in that quandary by the quagmire, our heart beat with joy-lo! never seen before, and seldom since—three wee peasweeps, not three days old, little bigger than shrew-mice, all covered with blackish down interspersed with long white hair, running after their mother! But the large hazel eye of the she peasweep, restless even in the most utter solitude, soon spied us glowering at her and her young ones through our tears; and not for a moment doubting (Heaven forgive her for the shrewd but cruel suspicion!) that we were Lord Eglinton's gamekeeper, with a sudden shrill cry, that thrilled to the marrow in our cold backbone, flapped and fluttered herself away into the mist, while the little black bits of down disappeared into the moss. The croaking of the frogs grew terrible. And worse and worse, close at hand, seeking his lost cows through the mist, the bellow of the notorious red bull! We began saying our prayers; and just then the sun forced himself out into the open day, and like the sudden opening of the shutters of a room, the whole world was filled with light. The frogs seemed to sink among the pow-heads; as for the red bull who had tossed the tinker, he was cantering away, with his tail toward us, to a lot of cows on the hill; and hark-a long, a loud, and oft repeated halloo! Rab Roger, honest fellow, and Leizy Muir, honest lass, from the manse, in search of our dead body! Rab pulls our ears lightly, and Leizy kisses us from the one to the other, wrings the rain out of our long yellow hair (a pretty contrast to the small gray sprig now on the crown of our pericranium, and the thin tail acock behind); and by-and-by stepping into Hazel Deenhead for a drap and a 'chitterin' piece,' by the time we reach the manse we are as dry as a whistle—take our scold and our pawnies from the minister—and. by way of punishment and penance, after a little hot whisky-toddy with brown sugar, and a bit of bun, are toddled off to bed in the day-time."

Growing older and taller, we find him armed with a formidable piece of artillery—as dangerous to friends as to foes—which was euphoniously christened *Muckle-mou'd Meg.* He describes it in his own inimitable language:—

"There had been from time immemorial, it was understood, in the manse, a duck-gun of very great length, and a musket that, according to an old tradition, had been out both in the Fifteen and Forty-five [the Jacobite rebellions of 1715]

and 1745]. There were ten boys of us, and we succeeded by rotation to gun or musket, each boy retaining possession for a single day only; but then the shooting season continued They must have been of admirall the year. able materials and workmanship; for neither of them so much as once burst during the Seven Years' War. The musket, who, we have often since thought, must surely rather have been a blunderbuss in disguise, was a perfect devil for kicking when she received her discharge; so much so, indeed, that it was reckoned creditable for the smaller boys not to be knocked down by the recoil. She had a very wide mouth, and was thought by us 'an awfu' scatterer; 'a qualification which we considered of the very highest merit.

"She carried anything we chose to put into her—there still being of all her performances a loud and favourable report—balls, buttons, chuckystanes, slugs, or hail. She had but two faults: she had got addicted, probably in early life, to one bad habit of burning priming, and to another of hanging fire; habits of which it was impossible, for us at least, to break her by the most assiduous hammering of many a new series of flints; but such was the high place she justing

occupied in the affection and admiration of us all, that faults like these did not in the least detract from her general character. Our delight when she did absolutely and positively and bona fide 'go off,' was in proportion to the comparative rarity of that occurrence; and as to hanging fire—why, we used to let her take her own time, contriving to keep her at the level as long as our strength sufficed, eyes shut, perhaps, teeth clenched, face girning, and head slightly averted over the right shoulder, till 'Mucklemou'd Meg,' who, like most other Scottish females, took things leisurely, went off at last with an explosion like the blowing up of a rock."

If we would see the future poet and critic, at a further stage of boyhood, engaged in rougher and more exciting pastime, we must go back to the glorious epoch of the "Snow-ball Bicker of Pedmount," a quite Homeric episode, to which no extract could do aught like justice. Those who would obtain a just idea—a vivid conception—of his boyish life, in all its exuberance of mirth, fancy, feeling, and energy, must turn to the graphic pages of the "Recreations of Christopher North," few of which but contain some tender and picturesque reminiscences of

his early days. Not that they must always be understood quite literally; something of imagination invariably mingles with memory. All minds. even the dullest—as he himself observes—remember the days of their youth; but all cannot bring back the indescribable brightness of that blessed season. Would you know what you once were, it is not enough to recollect the hills and the valleys where your childhood ran out its golden sands. You must collect from many vanished hours the power of your untamed heart, and perhaps transfuse also something of your maturer mind into these dreams of your former being, thus linking the past with the present by a continuous chain, which, though often invisible, is never broken.

Wilson was fortunate in the influences that surrounded his early years. His mother was a woman of rare intellect, wit, humour, and grace; his father a man of grave good sense and upright character. His instructors—Mr. Peddie, of Paisley; and, afterwards, the Rev. George M'Latchie, of Mearns—moulded his youthful mind with admirable skill, and developed its finest faculties with discriminating care. Wilson was not insensible to the value of this early training, and has forcibly depicted the import-

ance of boyhood as a preliminary to and preparation for manhood. "Some men," he remarks, "are boys all life long, and carry with them their puerility to the grave. Twould be well for the world were there in it more such men. By way of proving their manhood, we have heard grown-up people abuse their own boyhood, forgetting what our great philosophical poet—after Milton and Dryden—has told them, that—

'The boy is father of the man,'

and thus libelling the author of their existence. Not only are the foundations dug and laid in boyhood of all the knowledge and the feelings of our prime, but the ground-flat, too, built, and often the entire second story of the superstructure, from the windows of which the soul, looking out, beholds nature in her state, and leaps down, unafraid of a fall on the green or white bosom of earth, to join with hymns the front of the procession. The soul afterwards perfects her palace—building up tier after tier of all imaginable orders of architecture, till the shadowy roof, gleaming with golden cupolas, like the cloud-region of the setting sun, sets the heavens ablaze."

Animated, encouraged, guided by such ex-

amples, the reader may surely learn to climb the Hill of Knowledge—that hill which Coleridge has described in melodious verse:—

"The Hill of Knowledge I essayed to trace;
That verdurous hill with many a resting-place
And many a stream, whose warbling waters pour
To glad and fertilize the subject plains;
That hill witn secret springs, and nooks untrod,
And many a fancy-blest and holy sod
Where Inspiration, his diviner strains
Low murmuring, lay; and, starting from the rocks,
Stiff evergreens, whose spreading foliage mocks
Want's barren soil, and the bleak frosts of age,
And Bigotry's mad fire-invoking rage
We will climb,
Choering and cheered, this lovely hill sublime!"

A resolute, a courageous, emphatically a daring life, was that of George Canning; and a surprising instance of the success which frequently attends a strong will combined with a strong intellect. He was born in London, on the 11th of April, 1770, and descended from a family of antiquity and good repute; but his father died in the first year of his infancy, leaving his widow and children in a condition of distressful poverty. Mrs. Canning was a woman of considerable mental powers and personal attractions, whose courage rose as her prospects grew gloomier. To provide for the education of her infant son, she went on the stage, and made her debût at Drury Lane Theatre in November 1773. Soon afterwards, she was unfortunately beguiled into a marriage with an actor named Reddish, whose life was not less infamous than his personal address was fascinating. She had to endure the burden of a union with a man who was mad when he was not drunk, and drunk when he was not mad, until relieved by his death in 1785. Those who understand the aristocratic character of the British legislature and government will conceive that more unfavourable conditions could not possibly clog the youth of any aspiring spirit, but would seem to have presented an insuperable barrier to Canning's entrance upon a political career.

The boy, however, displayed a quick wit and precocious capacity; and his uncle, Stratford Canning, a banker of great respectability, was induced to take upon himself the charge of his education, and he introduced his brilliant nephew to the leading Whig politicians. From Hyde Abbey School, Winchester, where his ready skill as a verse-maker had already obtained recognition, he was removed to Eton, between the age of twelve and thirteen, by the advice of Mr. Fox. Here he displayed his extraordinary abilities and ardent love of knowledge; and here, too, he first formed those high ambitious

projects which he afterwards realized by dint of courageous exertion and unquailing moral heroism. A success equally distinguished attended him at Oxford, and he left the university with a brilliant reputation for capacity and scholarship, almost the only recommendation which he bore with him into the active world. In the ambitious career he had marked out for himself he lacked the advantages of wealth, lineage, and aristocratic connections; but his self-reliance, his courage, and his genius were fully equal to the task which he had resolved to undertake.

Canning, on leaving Oxford, says Sir Edward Creasy, had entered at Lincoln's Inn; but his legal studies were soon abandoned for the brilliant political career that suddenly opened Mr. Pitt, then Prime Minister, had to him. heard of Canning's talents, and especially of the high powers of oratory which he had displayed in debating societies at Oxford, and afterwards in London. Mr. Pitt, through a private channel. communicated his desire to see Mr. Canning. With this requisition Mr. Canning, of course, readily complied. After a full explanation between the great statesman and the ambitious neophyte of the opinions of each on all important public questions then ripe for discussion or settlement, the result was, on Mr. Canning's part, the determination to connect himself politically with Mr. Pitt; and on Mr. Pitt's part, the offer of a seat in Parliament. Thus, in 1793, at the age of three and twenty, the son of an actress and a broken-down gentleman entered the British House of Commons as member for the borough of Newport, in the Isle of Wight.

His after life is a portion of the history of England. Our readers will remember how his oratory shook an admiring senate—how his genius secured the admiration of the country—how he founded a system of foreign policy which is still in existence—and how, in spite of apparently insuperable obstacles, he rose to the brilliant position of Prime Minister of Great Britain. We cannot all be Cannings, it is true, so far as worldly success is concerned; but still, for each of us his career may be a warning and an encouragement, as illustrative of the great truth—not less important because so trite—that Fortune invariably rewards the resolute mind and heroic heart.

The Boy makes the Man. Charles Pratt, as a boy, displayed that independence of character, fixity of purpose, clearness of moral sense, and

lucidity of judgment which marked him in after life. At school, at Eton, and at Cambridge, he distinguished himself by his perseverance in the pursuit of knowledge, and his strict discharge of any duties or responsibilities that devolved upon him.

When he left the university he removed to London, and in due time began to practise as a And here he must have failed, and his future career become a blank, had he not possessed the highest moral courage and the most For many years he was without resolute will. a client. "He attended daily in the Court of King's Bench, but it was only to make a silent bow when called on 'to move.' He sat. patiently at chambers, but no knock came to the door except that of a dun, or of a companion as briefless, and more volatile. He chose the Western Circuit, which his father used to ride. and where it might have been expected that his name might be an introduction to him; but spring and summer, year after year, did he journey from Hampshire to Cornwall, without receiving fees to pay the tolls demanded of him at the turnpike-gates." This struggle with fortune continued for nine years. But Pratt's courage never gave way, and at last the oppor-(180) 12

tunity comes—that opportunity of which the Latin proverb says, "If you seize her by the forelock, you may hold her; but if suffered to escape, not Jupiter himself can catch her again." Pratt did not let it go by. A brief was offered him in a difficult case. He applied all his energies to the task, and profiting by the training and culture of his youth, won a verdict, and established his reputation. This first case proved the "fruitful parent of a hundred more," and opened up to Pratt the road to a peerage and the woolsack. As Lord Camden he will long be honoured among British statesmen.

There was once an Oxfordshire boy, brought up by his uncle, a small farmer, who was continually incurring censure for his wandering habits. He was pronounced by his neighbours little better than an idiot, from his love of collecting pebbles, "poundstones," "pundips," and other stony curiosities which lay scattered about the adjoining land. The lad, however, persevered; his observation was keen and accurate, his memory retentive, and, in spite of discouragement and difficulty, he accumulated a considerable store of information. He began to draw, attempted to colour, studied mensuration

d surveying, and eventually was engaged as

an assistant to a local surveyor of ability and repute. He kept a stout heart to a steep brae, and, like all self-possessed and resolute spirits, throve. The scientific world still honours the memory of William Smith, the father of English geology.

Of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, that illustrious Elizabethan worthy and immortal sea-king, it has been said that "the large volume of his virtues may best be read in his noble enterprises." It was his maxim—we quote his own manly words —that "He is not worthy to live at all who, for fear or danger of death, shunneth his country's service or his own honour, since death is inevitable, and the fame of virtue immortal." life was a practical interpretation, a brilliant realization, of this lofty sentiment. As a boy he was remarked for his high sense of honour, his sedulous discharge of duty, his calm serene courage, his exalted standard of conduct; and these qualities introduced him to high official employment at an unusually early age. after career did not belie the promise of his youth, and his death splendidly and appropriately closed an heroic life.

He was despatched, in 1583, on a voyage of arctic exploration. His ships were five in

number; but, by various accidents, he found himself reduced to two-the Squirrel and the Golden Hind. In the former, a frail bark of only ten tons, he carried his flag. Returning homewards, his followers besought him to embark on board the larger vessel, as the Squirrel was in a notoriously dangerous condition. his noble heart rejected a proposal so unworthy of an English sea-captain. "I will not forsake," he exclaimed, "the few and brave comrades with whom I have shared so many storms and perils." He and his companions reached the Azores in safety, but were shortly afterwards overtaken by a terrible tempest, and the tiny frigate—as he loved to call the Squirrel—was nearly overwhelmed by the rolling waves. Golden Hind kept as close watch upon her as was possible in so fierce a gale, and her commander has recorded in his published narrative that he could observe Sir Humphrey sitting calmly in the stern, reading a book. He was heard to say, "Courage, my lads! we are as near heaven by sea as by land." As night came on, the men of the Golden Hind watched with anxious eyes the little bark that still buffeted with the champing billows; but when the rosy morning dawned on a calmer sea, she was no longer to be



THE TWO FRIGATES.
"Watched with anxious eyes the little bark."—Page 180.

discerned, and never again did tidings of her fate come to living ears.

Can we give to English boys better counsel than to live like Sir Humphrey Gilbert, that their last end—in its heroic composure—may be like his?

Resolution is the touch-stone of success. There was never a great man yet but was distinguished by an indomitable will. Consider well what step you are about to take, and having decided that it is wise and good, let no obstacle terrify, no blandishment dissuade you. In matters of great concern, says Archbishop Tillotson, and which must be done, there is no surer argument of a weak mind than irresolu-But you must not mistake obstinacy for resolution: this is the mark of a strong intellect, that of a feeble intellect. When James II. persisted in forcing a Papist on the Oxford college. he was obstinate: when Napoleon led his soldiers across the Alps, he was resolute. For obstinacy perseveres in the wrong path, resolution never turns aside from the right one.

A few examples of the results of courageous application and resolute industry in early life have been adduced from contemporary biography, by a writer of reputation. Thus:—

"Mr. Gladstone, now so famous as an orator and a statesman, was, beyond compare, the most distinguished young man of his time while an undergraduate at Christ Church; and he left Oxford with the highest reputation for ability, sincerity, and oratorical gifts. Sir Roundell Palmer, a lawyer of the highest eminence, was one of the best men of his year at Oxford, and, like Mr. Lowe, was pointed out by university opinion as a man who must undoubtedly win a high place in life. The same was the case with Mr. Goschen—a Cabinet minister at the comparatively early age of thirty-six-who took his degree with unusual distinction. Let us take next the theological world, and set down the names of 'those who will have left their mark upon the thoughts and lives of their generation.' Each of these men was highly distinguished in his university career. First in order stands the venerable Dean of St. Paul's -the Rev. Dr. Milman-who was illustrious for his scholarship while yet a youth, and who has since won laurels as a poet, and as the historian of Latin Christianity. the poet of the 'Christian Year,' took a high degree, and immediately obtained an Oriel fellowship. Dr. Arnold did the same.

Dr. Newman took only a 'double second;' but, on standing afterwards for an Oriel fellowship, was instantly recognised by the examiners as a man of unusual powers. To these add Dr. Stanley, now Dean of Westminster and the historian of the Jewish Church, and Mr. Jowett. Greek Professor at Oxford, and we have a very large proportion of the men who have contributed most powerfully to the formation of English politics and English thought as they exist at the present time. Put together the legislative influence of Peel and Gladstone, the school influence of Arnold, the theological influences of Milman, Newman, Stanley, and Jowett, and the religious influence of Keble, and we bave a group of men who have modified the whole current of our national existence in a degree which it would be difficult to parallel."

And these men, let the reader remember, gave promise of their future fame in their early career. Those who watched their growing powers, exclaimed, "Such an one, and such an one, will rise to greatness, will accomplish something notable for the welfare of his country and the good of his time." In the resolute, persevering, undaunted Boy, they recognised the courageous and high-principled Man—the man

of noble resolve, of earnest purpose, of intense sincerity, of enlightened sympathies. The Duke of Wellington, when he looked at the Eton play-ground, saw there the training-place of the soldiers who won at Waterloo. Would that in every play-ground in the United Kingdom might be witnessed the arena of development of future heroes! Not to win Waterloos alone, but to contend successfully with error—to wage war against class prejudices-to battle with evil influences, and thus, by honest thought and earnest work, to diminish the mass of human suffering, sin, and sorrow! Boys!—as boys be brave, and honourable, and true, that as men you may also be distinguished by Christian courage, chivalrous self-denial, and unquailing truthfulness; and aim, by noble living, to

"Leave a mark behind,
Shall pluck the shining age from vulgar time,
And give it whole to late posterity."
YOUNG.

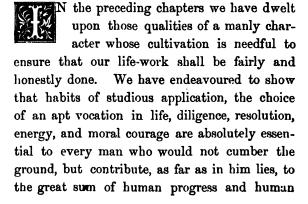




V.

Examples of Early Piety.

"My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety."
WORDSWORTE.



happiness; and that in our youth we must lay the foundation on which to rear the superstructure of an honourable and useful manhood. have now a few words to say on a higher object,—on the preparation of the soul for the life after death, on the training which must be undergone by every one of us who seeks to secure "the prize of his high calling," the crown of a glorious immortality. We have devoted sufficient space to the Culture of the Mind; let us be permitted a hint or two on the Discipline of the Heart. The child is father of the man, and the fitting preparation for a devout and God-fearing manhood is a devout and Godfearing youth.

Nothing, assuredly, in the sight of God and the angels is more beautiful than early piety. Most boys are apt to regard it as an abstraction, which they cannot realize or bring home to themselves, and, for want of a more perfect knowledge, consider they fulfil all that can be required of them by regular attendance on the Sunday's services. But religion is a thing of daily life; it should colour all our thoughts, enter into all our occupations, regulate all our actions. Don't set it up on a pedestal as an Idea, to be admired and wondered at, but take

it to your bosom as a friend and a consoler, and let your walk in life be guided by its admonitions. Dark must be the soul which shuts itself against the blessed radiance of Hope and Faith, which has no earnest belief in the Saviour, and no aspirations after immortal life! The fool hath said in his heart that there is no God. Ah me, let us fall into no such accursed delusion, but live ever as trusting in His mercy and acknowledging His power.

And now, in what manner shall we act so as to blend religion with our daily life? Is it a task of difficulty, demanding of us the most terrible sacrifices? No: let us simply resolve, like Edwards, the American divine, "never to do any manner of thing, whether in soul or body, less or more, but what tends to the glory of God; nor be, nor suffer it, if we can by any means avoid it." Taking this as our general rule of conduct, we shall derive much assistance, in carrying it out, from the following maxims:—

1st. Be careful to cultivate your conscience. We must shun sin at the outset, and refuse to let it come anigh us, lest we grow too familiar with its aspect, and in time lose our horror of its enormities. We must keep a watch upon our tongue, and avoid the un-

generous sarcasm or the ribald jest. We must avoid all over-reaching conduct, and subdue the prickings of ambition, pride, and envy. Moral discipline must be our daily care; and in all things should be remembered the poet's noble saying,—

"I dare do all that does become a man; Who dares do more, is none."

And we must take heed that we are not tempted to do more by our fear of the silly ridicule of the unthinking.

2nd. Never palter with the truth. When the Duke of Wellington was eulogising the late Sir Robert Peel, the chief feature of the statesman's character on which he dwelt was his implicit "In the whole course of my truthfulness. communication with him," said the Duke, "I never knew an instance in which he did not show the strongest attachment to truth; and I never saw in the whole course of all my life the smallest reason for suspecting that he stated anything which he did not firmly believe to be the fact." And, in like manner, Tennyson, our greatest living poet, when pouring forth a panegyric on Wellington himself, specially extols him as the man

[&]quot;Who never sold the truth to serve the hour."

"Truth-teller," he exclaims,—

"Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named; Truth-lover was our English Duke; Whatever record leap to light, He never shall be shamed."

Sir Philip Sidney, the English Bayard, was also characterized by an ardent love of truth; and hence he was regarded with such honour and such reverence that men esteemed his friendship a priceless guerdon, and Lord Brooke would have no other epitaph than—"Here lieth the friend of Sir Philip Sidney." Almost all great men have been truthful; and the prime element of the first Napoleon's downfall was his lack of this grand virtue. He was false at heart, and no man trusted him. Therefore, when he endeavoured to purchase popular support by making concessions, he utterly failed, because it was felt that neither in his word nor in his oath could the nation believe.

"Truth is the hiest thing that man may keep,"

says Chaucer, and assuredly it is a pearl of great price, which adorns its wearer with a surpassing lustre. It is the cement which holds together our social relations; for all law and order, all justice, well-being, and human

security rests on this one basis—man's confidence in man, our trust in one another's truthfulness. Truth is so lovely, that verily we may well love her for herself; but we may also remember that without her aid our career in life will assuredly be a failure. It has well been said that a man's truth is his livelihood, his recommendation, his letters of credit.

"Most men admire Virtue, who follow not her love,"

says Milton, and there is something in truth which commands the reverence of the basest, so that the true man will ever be a king among his fellows. Thank God, it has always been an English virtue, and has generally inspired and informed our national policy, so that foreign peoples have grown accustomed to accept as unshaken and impregnable the word of an English minister, an English statesman, or an English government. A French periodical writer praises "an attachment to truth and reality" as "the special characteristic of English literature," and few books win any measure of favour from English readers unless they are truthful in design and colouring.

So let the young man say with Carlyle,— Truth, though the heavens crush me for following her; no falsehood, though a whole celestial Lubberland were the price of apostacy!

"Thy actions to thy words accord; thy words
To thy large heart give utterance due; thy heart
Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape."

MILTON

3rd. Be generous,—generous in the old sense of the word generous,—considerate of the feelings of others, just and kindly in your interpretation of motives, forbearing and forgiving, patient under injury, gentle, mild, tender, and humane. In other words, Be a gentleman! That is the very perfection and completeness of manhood; for no one can be a gentleman who is not a Christian at heart, of refined taste, gentle manners, cultivated mind, and noble aspirations. Tennyson, speaking of his lamented friend and brother, Arthur Henry Hallam, says of him,—

"He seemed the thing he was, and joined Each office of the social hour To noble manners, as the flower And native growth of noble mind:

And thus he bore without abuse

The grand old name of Gentleman!"

Dekker, the old Elizabethan poet, says of our Lord and Saviour, with a not irreverent boldness,—

[&]quot; He was the truest gentleman that ever lived;"

and if we would realize all the bright and beautiful excellences of a gentleman's character, we must shape our life after the life of Christ,—we must imitate, as best we can, His charity, His patience, His sublime tranquillity, and His resignation to the Divine will.

Cultivate, as John Sterling says, cultivate at the bottom of your heart a spirit of piety, benevolence, and purity; and do not keep these for the great occasions, and what are called the serious affairs of life; but let the presence of reason and religion in you be like that of the sun itself, which, while it lights up the great regions of nature, sends the same radiance even through chinks and key-holes.

4th. Keep good company,—that is, the company of the good. The companions of our boyhood will exercise a potent influence throughout our career on our character, feelings, thoughts, and desires. You cannot associate with other minds, and not derive something from them. If the clay lie near the rose, it will gain a reflex of its odour. It is for this reason essential that we should be wary in our choice of companions, and select only those who can teach, improve, ennoble, or elevate us. "Hold it as a maxim," said Lord Collingwood, "that you had.

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better be alone than in mean company." your companions be such as yourself, or superior; for the worth of a man will always be rated by that of his company. The friends of John Sterling were accustomed to say of him, that it was impossible to come in contact with his noble nature without being in some measure ennobled and lighted-up into a higher region of objects and aims than that in which men are ordinarily content to dwell. Havdn became a musician by listening to Handel; it was the genius of Reynolds that inspired the mind of Northcote. So from the example or encouragement of a fit companion our minds may receive the impulse which will force them forward—forward to the light and glory of a purified humanity.

"If thou wouldst get a friend, prove him first, and be not hasty to credit him; for some man is a friend for his own occasion, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble. Separate thyself from thine enemies, and take heed to thy friends. A faithful friend is a strong defence; and he that hath found such an one, hath found a treasure. A faithful friend is the medicine of life."

5th. Read the Bible with devout attention.

The perusal of the Scriptures soothes the temper, consoles the heart, and elevates the mind. Therein, as Locke said, are contained the words of eternal life. The Bible has God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth, without any mixture of error, for its matter. he read and studied, so that its lessons may be brought to bear in all the relations of our daily For there is no possible worldly circumstance or condition in which it will not prove either an inspiration, a guide, or a consolation. In hours of agony you may wander with Christ in the garden, or at the foot of the cross learn to exclaim, "Thy will be done;" or you may turn to David for expressions of joy and gratitude, when the world has gone well with you, and you have cause to acknowledge the mercy of Heaven

It is not from the bulk of their substance, says Chrysostom, whom his contemporaries surnamed the Golden-Mouthed, but from their beauty, that pearls derive their peculiar value. So also is it the case with the lessons of divine Scripture. For worldly instruction, rolling forth its trifles in plenty, and deluging the hearers with frivolous prating, sends them away with empty hands, without reaping any good.

great or small. It is not so with the grace of the Spirit. By means of short sayings it inspires all who give heed with wisdom; and often a single expression taken from holy writ has proved sufficient provision for a life.

Commit, therefore, to memory, when occasion serves, a text from God's word; the passages thus made your own will assuredly prove a help and a consolation "when the dark day cometh."

And read, too, that other Bible—that other Book of God—the revelation made in earth. and sea, and sky. Learn to contemplate Nature. and to delight in Nature's beauties; in the bowery glade and the bubbling stream, in the kindling star and the full glories of the noon-It is not enough for you, when tide heaven! a bright landscape is revealed to your gaze, to praise it in commonplace terms of admiration; you must endeavour to arrive at some comprehension of its meaning, and to consider what truths it illustrates, what lessons it conveys. The meanest flower that blows inspires the poet with "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears;" and if we study Nature rightly—if we study her earnestly and prayerfully-we shall find in every phase an inspiration, an encouragement, and a warning.

Let me beseech you not to go abroad among God's glories with eyes shut that they may not see, and ears closed that they may not hear! Is there no beauty in the mead dappled over with blossoms, in the hedgerow wreathed with honeysuckle, in the green lane that winds among the golden corn-fields? Is there no music in the clear, fresh song of the mavis, or the murmur of the brook as it falls over the rocky ledge? Is there not sublimity in the roar of the ocean waters? And tenderness in the cooing of the ringdoves? And hopefulness in the budding of the happy Spring? does not all Nature attest the power, and compassion, and wisdom of Him who made? it not fill the mind with awe and wonder? Does it not fill the soul with love and thank-Is it not a revelation which unfolds fulness? to us the mysterious workings of the creative mind, so that "the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made?" Boy or man, thou wilt never be worthy of thy inheritance until thou lovest Nature with a passionate love, and learnest to read in its glorious pages the lessons written there by a hand Divine!

There is a book, who runs may read, Which heavenly truth imparts, And all the lore its scholars need, Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God above, below, Within us, and around, Are pages in that book, to show How God Himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

One Name above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

Thou, who hast given me eyes to see,
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere!"
REV. J. KEBLE.

6th. Cultivate the habit of earnest prayer. It was a saying of the excellent and pious Doddridge, "that he never advanced well in human learning without prayer, and that he always made the most proficiency in his studies when he prayed with the greatest fervency." If man may aptly be compared to a ship struggling down the great river of life—and such a comparison is common enough with our poets—I would liken prayer to the compass that directs the course to be steered, and, in stormy weather as in calm, is a safe and trustworthy guide. "Shop Andrews, the great scholar, who read

fifteen different languages, never occupied less than five hours daily in private devotion. Gustavus Adolphus, the hero of the North, never entered battle until he and all his army had engaged in prayer. "Think of Daniel," says a popular writer, "prime minister of Persia, with the affairs of one hundred and twenty provinces resting on his mind, yet finding time to go 'into his chamber three times a day, that he might pray and give thanks to God.' of Alfred, with the cares of monarchy; of Luther, buffeted by the storms of Papal wrath; of Thornton, encompassed with a thousand mercantile engagements-yet never allowing the hurry of business to intrude on their regular hours of devotion."

In the hour of mortal anguish, in a time of want and suffering, when the skies are black with the storm clouds, and the heart is torn with dread of the future, prayer is a solace and a support, for it serves to bring us nearer to One who is both able and willing to save. In our prosperity and exaltation it is equally a solace and a support; for it soothes an overjoyous spirit, it subdues a foolish pride, it strengthens the soul to bear with becoming meekness the burden of success. There is we

event in our career—no condition of life—no possible circumstance—in which prayer can fail to be of service. It is the best weapon in the Christian's armoury: let him beware lest it rust from disuse!

"Prayer," says Jeremy Taylor, "if made in the spirit of gentleness and dove-like simplicity, as the issue of a quiet mind and of untroubled thoughts, ascends to heaven upon the wings of the holy dove, and returns laden with a blessing. With submission, yet with assured confidence, must we kneel before God's footstool; and prayer, uttered in such a spirit, will not be lost upon the winds!"

Daily prayer—daily meditation—a daily summing up of the labours, thoughts, and associations of the day, will preserve the mind in spiritual health and vigour, pure, undefiled, and elastic, from youth to age. This is the counsel which George Herbert gives us, and which we would have our young readers in all truth and soberness adopt:—

"Sum up at night what thou hast done by day,
And in the morning what thou hast to do:
Dress and undress thy soul; mark the decay
And growth of it; if with thy watch that too
Be down, then wind up both: since we shall be
Most surely judged, make thy accounts agree."

And observing such counsel, and acting up to so high a standard, the boy and the man will be competent to do the work which in this life they are intended to do, and in such wise as to satisfy their heavenly Master. Then will they be able to enter fully into the spirit of another of Herbert's quaint but earnest lyrics, and to offer up daily their prayer for useful labour in simple verse:—

" If, as a flower doth spread and die,
Thou wouldst extend me to some good,
Before I were by frost's extremity
Nipt in the bud;

The sweetness and the praise were thine; But the extension and the room, Which in thy garland I should fill, were mine, At thy great doom.

For as thou dost impart thy grace,
The greater shall our glory be.
The measure of our joys is in this place,
The stuff with thee.

Let me not languish, then, and spend A life as barren to thy praise As is the dust, to which that life doth tend, But with delays.

All things are busy; only I
Neither bring honey with the bees,
Nor flowers to make that, nor the husbandry
To water these.

I am no link of thy great chain, But all my company is a weed. Lord, place me in thy concert; give one strain To my poor reed."

Do not let any of my youthful readers suppose that a devout life is impossible or useless to them because of their youth. John Mackintosh, whose biography Dr. Norman Macleod base

written as that of the "Earnest Student," was sensible of the consolation afforded by religious impressions at a very early age. "At the age of six or seven," he says, "I remember having had some religious impressions, feeling a desire to be a good and holy man; and, strange to say, though I had read no missionary memoir, and had heard very little upon that subject, I have a confused recollection of wishing to become one I had also many thoughts of in after life. heaven. Sometimes I even dreamed I was there, and took it as a favourable sign; and frequently, a few years afterwards, when these impressions had worn off-though the desire of escaping hell was naturally still strong-I used to look back upon these feelings, thinking with much comfort that him whom God hath once loved, he will love unto the end." In the case of Hedley Vicars, the gallant young Englishman who died a soldier's death in the Crimea, we find that his devout manhood was prefigured by his thoughtful and prayerful youth. lock, our Indian hero, whose noble story is known to every British boy, was wont, when a scholar at the Charterhouse, to meet with other lads for the purpose of reading sermons, and conversing upon what they read. The early

years of William Ellery Channing, the American divine and essayist, were characterised by an unaffected but earnest piety. He was bred up by devout men and women; family worship was a daily custom in his father's quiet household, and he learned to search the Scriptures in an inquiring and eager spirit. From his readiness to preach before any group of listeners willing to hear him, he obtained the sobriquet of "the little minister." When his father was visited by any of the neighbouring divines, he attended to their conversation with curious intentness-investigated rash statements with calm inquiry—and strove to sift the wheat from the bran: Much of this was the ingenuity of the boy rather than the devout speculation of the Christian, but he was soon awakened to a sense of the practical value of God's truth. One day, while walking across the green meadows of Rhode Island, with Hutchinson's treatise on "Self-Sacrifice" in his hands, and occasionally lifting his gaze at the azure lights of the Brooklyn Hills where they melted into the distant horizon. a sudden conviction flashed upon him, he says, that these two words, SELF-SACRIFICE, summed up the whole mystery of a holy life, and thenceforth they became for him the key-note of his

existence. Thenceforth he devoted himself to a noble work; he proclaimed the natural equality of man, apart from distinctions of colour; and in a land where slavery was a recognised "institution," eloquently pleaded the negro's cause. The sentiment of his youth was the guiding principle of his manhood, and in spite of obloquy and persecution he persevered in his career of self-sacrifice.

To keep the mind free from evil thoughts and the heart from evil passions, no talisman, let me add, is so effectual as Work. Idle moments are Satan's opportunities. There is always something to be done, however, by an active spirit; some book to be read-some object to be investigated -some task to be fulfilled. The old legend relates, that a certain powerful magician could only secure himself from the attacks of the demons he had rashly invoked by providing them with constant employment. The story has an excellent moral in it. Many a youth falls a victim to error, vice, and passion, because he gives them time to obtain a mastery over him. If you have no other occupation at hand, you can always read. Read History, which enlarges the mind by teaching you to compare and contrast the great currents of the thought and action

of the present with those of the past. especially, read Biography—the lives of the good and great, that you may take warning from their failures, and benefit by their example. heroic life is an eloquent sermon. It shows us how poor and commonplace a thing will be our existence, if not ennobled by worthy deeds, or inspired by generous thoughts. "The pictures," says Emerson, "which fill the imagination in reading the actions of Pericles, Xenophon, Columbus, Bayard, Sidney, Hampden, teach us how needlessly mean our life is-that we, by the depth of our living, should deck it with more than regal or national splendour, and act on principles that should interest man and nature in the length of our days." But, you will say, we cannot all be Bayards, Sidneys, and Hampdens. Not in your relation to the outer world and to history, perhaps; but in your own homes you may be. You may practise Hampden's virtues in ever so small a social circle. You may be sans peur et sans reproche, though the days of chivalry are past. Sidney's high sense of honour may be yours, though not his eminent fortunes.

> "We have not wings—we cannot soar— But we have feet to scale and climb, By slow degrees, by more and more, The cloudy summits of our time."—LONGWILLOW.

It is thus, let me say in conclusion, that th impressions formed in youth—the habits adopte in youth—the modes of thought cultivated in youth—remain with us in our manhood, cling to us in our latest years, are never wholly thrown off or forgotten. Take heed, therefore, O readen how your youth is regulated, and what theory of conduct inspires it; for all biography prove—at least the exceptions are so few as to confirm the rule—that

The Boy makes the Man.





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